The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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COME BACK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELLA WHEELER.

In the breath of the beautiful summer,
The vine has grown green at my door;
It blossoms and blooms in the sunshine
As it blossomed and bloomed once before.
But you are not here, oh! my darling!
It knows you are gone and it grieves,
And whispers, "Oh! why is he absent?"
To the winds as they rustle its leaves.

The meadow lark sings on the willow,
But the sweetness has gone from his song,
And I know that he pines for your presence,
And grieves for you all the day long.
The martin-bird calls you each morning,
I hear his sweet voice at the dawn.
The robin cries, "Why does he linger?"
The oriole, "Where has he gone?"

I hear in the hush of the twilight
The low tender wail of the dove;
And I know that she sobs in the gloaming,
And longs for you back, oh my love!
And my heart, oh! my heart is so lonely,
And all its deep fountains are stirred.
It sighs with the vine at the doorway,
It echoes the cry of each bird.

And the winds, have the winds ever told you
One half that I charged them to say?
How my eyes have grown weary with watching,
How I call to you day after day?
Then why do you loiter and linger,
While the birds are crying "alack?"
And the vine at my doorway is sighing,
And the bill-tops re-echo "come back."

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUGOUARS.

Don Valentine Cardoso's conversation with Don Blas Sallasar was prolonged far into the night. Dona Concha had retired to her apartments.

"Thanks, Blas, my friend," Don Valentine said, in conclusion; "that Don Torribio Carvajal never pleased either my daughter or myself. His mysterious ways and his look repulse affection and inspire distrust."

"What do you intend doing?" the capatas asked.

"I am greatly embarrassed; how can I close my doors against him; what pretext should I have?"

"Good gracious!" Blas said; "perhaps we are alarming ourselves too soon. This gentleman is doubtless no more or less than a lover. Dona Concha is of the age to be beloved, and her beauty attracts Don Torribio. You do not like him as son-in-law, so all right; but love, they say, is a strange thing, and some day or other—"

"I have designs for my daughter."

"That is different. By the way, may not this mysterious caballero be a secret agent of General Oribe, who is watching Carmen?"

"That is the truth, I believe. His hints to the gauchos, his unexpected absences, whose purpose is unknown, are simply of a political nature, and Don Torribio is a conspirator."

"Nothing else. Be on your guard against him."

"In the expectation of General Oribe making at attack, let us make ourselves secure. The Estancia of San Julian is close to Fort San Jose and the sea; we will await the issue of these machinations there in greater security, because a vessel, anchored opposite the estancia, will be at my disposal, and on the slightest alarm convey us to Buenos Ayres."

"That arrangement removes all difficulties; in the country you will not be annoyed by Don Torribio's visits."

"Caramba! you are right; and I will proceed to give orders for departure. Do not go away, for I want your assistance, and you will accompany us."

Don Valentine hastened to wake the servants and peons who were fast asleep; and the valuables were at once packed up.

At the first gleam of dawn Dona Concha was greatly surprised, when her lady's-maid, a young mulatto girl, informed her of her father's sudden resolution. Dona Concha, without making the slightest remark, dressed herself, and began packing.

At about eight in the morning, Blas Sallazar, whom his foster brother had sent with a letter to the captain of his schooner moored off Carmen, and loaded with Brasilian merchandise, returned to the house, and stated that the captain would sail at once, and be anchored by nightfall before San Julian.

The courtyard of the house resembled a hostelry. Fifteen mules, bending beneath their bales, stamped in their impatience to be off, while the travelling litter was being prepared for Dona Concha. Forty saddle-horses, intended for the servants, were fastened to iron rings in the wall; four or five mules were prepared to carry the young lady's female attendants, while two negro slaves held two splendid chargers, which stamped and champed their silver bits,

HUNTING THE COUGOUARS.

while awaiting their riders, Don Valentine and his capatas. There was a deafening confusion of shouts, laughter, and kicking. In the street, a crowd, among whom were Corrocho and Panchito, curiously watched their departure, while making their comments on the strange fact of Don Cardoso choosing so late a season for a residence in the country.

Panchito and Corrocho slipped away.

At last, at about half-past eight o'clock, the *arrieros* placed themselves at the head of their mules; the servants, armed to the teeth, mounted; and Dona Concha, dressed in a charming travelling costume, walked down the steps, and with a merry laugh, bounded into the litter, where she nestled like a humming-bird among rose leaves.

At a sign from the capatas, the mules, already fastened to each other in a file, started. Don Valentine then turned to an old negro, who was standing respectfully near him, hat in hand.

"Good-bye, *tio* Peralta," he said to him; "I give you charge of the house, and leave you Cyrillo and Nanez."

"Your excellency can reckon on my vigilance, the old man answered: "may God bless your excellency, and the Nina too. I will take great care of her birds."

"Thank you, *tio* Peralta," the young lady said, leaning out of the litter.

The courtyard was already empty, when the negro bowed, delighted at the thanks.

The night storm had completely swept the sky, which was of a pale blue; the sun, already high on the horizon, spread profusely its warms beams, which were filtered through the fragrant vapors that rose from the ground. The atmosphere was wondrously transparent, a slight breeze refreshed the air, and swarms of birds, glistening with a thousand hues, dashed about. The mules, which followed the bell of the *yegua madrina*, trotted to the songs of the arrieros. The caravan marched gayly across the sandy desert, raising the dust around it, and undulating like a long serpent, in the endless windings of the road. Don Blas, with ten servants, who explored the country, and examined the bushes, formed the vanguard. Don Valentine, with a cigar in his mouth, was conversing with his daughter, while twenty resolute men closed the march, and protected the travellers.

In the plains of Patagonia, a journey of four hours, like that to the estancia of San Julian, requires as many precautions as one of two hundred among us; enemies are ambuscaded everywhere, and ready for pillage and murder; and travellers are compelled to be on their guard against gauchos, Indians, and wild beasts.

The white houses of Carmen had disappeared long ago, when the capatas, leaving the head of the party, galloped up to the side of the litter.

"What is the matter?" Don Valentine asked.

"Nothing," Blas replied; "still, excellency, look," he added, stretching out his arm in a south-westerly direction.

"It is a fire."

"Now turn your eyes to the east-south-east."

"That is another fire. Who the deuce has lighted fires on those scarped points—and for what object?"

"I will tell you. That point is the cliff of Urubua."

"It is."

"That is the cliff of San Xavier."

"Well?"

"As a fire does not light itself, as we have some 120 degs. of heat, and as—"

"You conclude—"

"I conclude that these fires have been lit by Don Torribio's gauchos; and that they are signals."

"Stay, stay, that is logical, my friend, and you may be right perhaps; but what do we care?"

"Those signals tell that Don Valentine Cardoso and his daughter have left Carmen."

"You spoke to me about that, I think? Well, I do not care about Don Torribio knowing of my departure."

A sudden cry was heard, and the mules stopped with trembling limbs.

"What is going on down there?" Blas asked.

"A cougouar, a cougouar!" the arrieros shouted in horror.

"Canario, it is true," the capatas said, "but instead of one there are two."

About two hundred yards ahead of the caravan two cougouars (the *Felis discolor* of Linnæus, or American lion), were drawn up ready for a spring, with their eyes fixed on the mules. These animals, still young, were about the size of a calf; the head bore a great likeness to that of a cat, and their skins, smooth and soft, of a silvery tawny, were spotted with black.

"Come on," Don Valentine exclaimed, "uncouple the dogs, and let us have a hunt."

"A hunt!" the capatas repeated.

A dozen mastiffs were unloosed, which, on approaching the lions, barked simultaneously. The mules were collected and formed into a large circle, in the centre of which the litter was placed. Ten servants were told off to guard Dona Concha, and Don Valentine remained by her side to keep up her courage.

Horses, riders, and dogs rushed in rivalry on the ferocious animals with yells, shouts, and barking sufficient to start lions that were novices. The noble beasts lashed their flanks with their powerful tails, and after a deep inspiration they fled away with lengthened bounds. A part of the hunters rode off in a straight line to cut off their retreat, while, others bending over the saddle and guiding their horses with their knees, brandished their terrible bolas, and hunted them with all their strength, though without checking the cougouars, which turned furiously on the dogs, and hurled them a dozen yards off, yelling with pain. The mastiffs, however, long accustomed to this style of hunting, watched for a favorable opportunity, threw themselves on the lions' backs and dug their teeth into their flesh, but the cougouars, with one blow of their murderous paw, swept them off like flies, and resumed their hurried course.

One of them, hobbled by the bolas, and surrounded by dogs, rolled on the ground, digging up the sand with its contracted claws, and uttering a fearful yell. Don Valentine finished it by putting a bullet in its eye.

The second cougouar remained, which was still unwounded, and by its bounds, foiled the attack and skill of the hunters. The dogs, worn out, did not dare approach it. Its flight had brought it within a few paces of the caravan; all at once it turned to the right, bounded over the mules, and crouched right in front of the litter. Dona Concha, pale as death, with closed eyes, instinctively clasped her hands, recommended her soul to heaven, and fainted.

At the moment when the lion was about to dart on the girl, two shots struck it right in the middle of the chest. It turned round on its new adversary, no other than the worthy capatas, who, with extended legs, and eye fixed on the lion, awaited the monster. The cougouar hesitated, took a parting glance at its prey still lying in the litter, and rushed with a roar on Blas, who pulled the trigger again. The animal writhed on the ground, and the capatas ran up to it, machete in hand. The man and the lion rolled together, but only one of them rose again—it was the man.

Dona Concha was saved. Her father pressed her joyously to his breast; she opened her eyes again at last, and aware to whose devotion she owed her life, held out her hand to Don Blas.

"I can no longer count the number of times you have saved the lives of my father and myself."

"Oh, senorita!" the worthy man said, as he kissed the tips of her fingers.

"You are my foster brother, and I can only discharge my debt to you by eternal gratitude," Don Valentine said. "Strip the lions of their skins, my man," he said, turning to the servants. "I suppose they will not frighten you, when they are converted into carpets, Conchita."

No one equals the Hispano-Americans in the art of flaying animals; in a minute, the two lions, above which the urubus and vultures of the Andes were already hovering, were stripped of their skins.

Order was restored in the caravan, which started again, and within an hour arrived at the Estancia of San Julian, where it was received by Patito and all the farm peons.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESTANCIA OF SAN JULIAN.

The bomberos, accompanied by Mercedes, buried themselves in the desert. Their journey lasted four hours, and brought them to the banks of the Rio Negro, to one of the charming oases created by the river mud, and covered with clumps of willows, nopals, palms, chirimoyas, lemon trees, and flowering jessamines, in whose branches thousands of birds of the most varying color and note gayly warbled.

Pedrito seized Mercedes in his robust arms, lifted her from the front of his saddle and laid her gently on the turf. The horses began quietly nibbling the young tree shoots.

"Tell us, how did you find our sister?" Juan said.

The elder brother, as if he had not heard, made no reply, and with his eyes fixed on the girl, he listened to a voice that spoke within him; he fancied he saw again the living portrait of his mother, and said to himself, "The same look, at once gentle and tender! the smile full of kindness! Poor mother, poor sister! Mercedes," he added in a louder voice, "do you remember your grown-up brothers, who loved you so dearly?"

"Come, come," Pepe exclaimed, stamping his foot angrily, "that is not fair, brother! you keep our bills in the water like a lot of ducks, and confiscate the girl's kind looks. If she is really our deeply-regretted Mercedes, speak; carai! we have as much right to embrace her as you have, and are all longing to do so."

"You are right," Pedrito answered; "forgive me, brothers, but joy rendered me egotistic. Yes, it is our dear little sister, so embrace her."

The bomberos did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, and without asking the slightest explanation from Pedrito, disputed with each other as to who should devour her with caresses. The maiden, who was deeply affected, and whom the Indians had not accustomed to such happiness, yielded to the intoxication of joy. While they were indulging in these transports, Pedrito had lit a fire and prepared a substantial meal, composed of fruit and a leg of guanaco. They sat down and ate with good appetites. Pedrito recounted his adventures at the tree of Gualichu, without omitting a single detail. His story occupied a long time, for it was at times interrupted by the young men, who laughed most heartily at the tragi-comical incidents of the scene between the matchi and Gualichu.

"Do you know," Lopez said to him, "that you have been a god?"

"A god who ran a greater risk of becoming immortal than he cared for," Pedrito replied; "for I feel that I love life since I have found the child again. Well, here she is, and he will be a clever fellow who takes her from us again. Still, we cannot keep her with us and let her share our precarious existence."

"That is true," the other brothers said.

"What is to be done?" Pepe muttered sadly.

"Our poor sister would die," said Pedrito; "we cannot make a female bombero of her, drag her after us into danger, or leave her alone."

"I shall never be alone when with you, my kind brothers."

"Our life is at the mercy of an Indian bullet. The fear that you may fall again into the hands of the Aucas or the Puelches troubles me; and if you remained with us and shared our dangers, I should turn a coward, and not have the courage to perform my duties as bombero."

"During the ten years we have been prowling about the pampas," Pepe remarked, "we have broken with all our old acquaintances."

"Suppose, though," Lopez observed, "we find her a safe shelter? I have an idea."

"Out with it."

"You remember the capatas of the Estancia de San Julian, what is his name?"

"Don Blas Sallazar."

"The very man," Lopez continued; "I fancy we have saved his life and his master's ere now, and that both owe us a candle as thick as my arm in gratitude."

"Don Valentine and his capatas," Juan said, "would have yielded their skins to that demon of a Pincheira, who wished to flay them alive, had it not been for our rifles."

"That is our affair. Lopez is right."

"Don Valentine passes for a good-hearted man."

"He has, I think, a daughter whom he tenderly loves, and will understand the difficulty we are in."

"Yes," said Pepe, "but we cannot go to Carmen."

"Let us ride to the Estancia, then; it will only take us a couple of hours."

"We will be off," said Pedrito; "Juan and Lopez will remain here, while Pepe and I escort the chica. Kiss your brothers, Mercedes. Now then, Pepe; you two keep good watch and expect us at sunset."

Mercedes waved a parting farewell to her brothers, and, escorted by Pepe and Pedro, started at a gallop for San Julian.

At about three o'clock they perceived, fifty yards from them, the estancia, which Don Valentine and his daughter had reached hardly two hours before.

The Estancia of San Julian, undoubtedly the richest and strongest position on the entire Patagonian coast, stood on a peninsula six miles in circumference, covered with wood and pastures, on which upwards of two thousand head of cattle grazed at liberty. Surrounded by the sea, which forms a natural fortification, the strip of land, twenty feet in width at the most, was guarded by a battery of five heavy guns. The house, which was surrounded by lofty parapeted and bastioned walls, was a species of fortress, capable of sustaining a regular siege, thanks to eight guns, which, planted on the four bastions, defended the approaches. It was composed of a large main building with a terraced roof, having ten windows on the frontage, and two wings. A large flight of steps, protected by a double curiously-worked balustrade, protected by a verandah, gave access to the rooms, which were furnished with the simple and picturesque luxury peculiar to the Spanish farms of America.

Between the house and the wall, in which there was, opposite the steps, a cedar gate five inches thick, and lined with strong iron plates, extended a large English garden, well wooded and beautifully laid out. The space left free behind the farm was occupied by the corrals in which the cattle were shut up at night, and an immense courtyard in which the annual slaughtering took place.

This white house was gay and pleasant, and could be seen for some distance off, half-hidden by the branches which crowned it with foliage. From the first floor windows there was a view on one side of the sea, on the other of the Rio Negro, which ran capriciously through the plain like a silver thread, and was lost in the azure distance of the horizon.

Ever since the last war with the Indians, ten years back, and during which the estancia was all but surprised by the Aucas, a *mirador* had been built on the roof of the main building, where a sentry stood day and night, ordered to watch and announce the approach of strangers upon a buffalo horn. In addition, the isthmus battery was guarded by six men, ready to discharge the guns at the slightest alarm. Hence, when the bomberos were still some distance from the estancia, their coming had been signalled, and Don Blas Sallazar, accompanied by Patito, was standing behind the battery in order to challenge them when they came within hail.

The bomberos were aware of the orders, which are common to all the Spanish establishments, especially on the borders, where people are exposed to the continual depredations of the Indians. On coming within twenty paces of the battery, the two men stopped and waited.

"Who goes there?" a voice shouted.

"Friends!" Pedrito answered.

"Who are you?"

"Bomberos."

"Good; what do you want?"

"To speak to the Senor Capatas, Don Blas Sallazar."

"Why," Blas himself exclaimed, "it is Pedrito."

"Yes, yes, Don Blas," Pedrito said, "and I recognized you at once, but duty is duty. This is my brother Pepe, at your service."

"As he has been before, Don Blas, by your leave." Pepe said, insinuatingly.

"That is true, lower the drawbridge."

The bomberos entered, and the bridge was immediately pulled up after them.

"Carai! what a pleasant surprise, my friends," the capataz said, "we see you most remarkably seldom. Come to my house, and while we drain a cup, you will tell me what brings you here, and it must be a serious matter, if I know you."

"Very serious indeed," Pedrito answered.

"Petito," said Blas, "you stay here; I am going to the estancia."

The capataz mounted his horse, and drew up alongside Pedrito.

"May I ask, caballero, without indiscretion, who that girl dressed in the Indian fashion is? She is white, is she not?"

"She is our sister, capataz."

"Your sister, Don Pedro! are you joking?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"I was not aware you had a sister, so forgive me, for I am not a sorcerer."

The horsemen had arrived at their destination. The capataz dismounted, the bomberos followed his example, and followed him into a spacious ground-floor room, where an elderly, healthy-looking woman was busy peeling Indian corn. It was Don Blas's mother, and Don Valentine's nurse. She greeted the new comers with a good-humored smile, offered them seats, and went to fetch a jug of chica, which she placed before them.

"To your health, senores," said the capataz, after filling the pewter cups to the brim. The sun is confoundedly hot, and travellers will find this refreshing."

"Thanks," said Pedrito, who had emptied his glass.

"Come, what have you to tell me? Speak freely; unless," Blas added, "my mother is in your way. If so, the worthy woman would go into the next room."

"No," Pedro said, eagerly; "no! the senora, on the contrary, must remain, for what we have to say everybody may hear, and especially your mother; we have come here on the subject of our sister."

"I do not wish to offend you, Don Pedro," the capataz interrupted him, "but you did wrong in keeping the young lady with you, for she cannot share all the perils of your diabolical life, can she, mother?"

The old lady gave a nod of assent, and the brothers exchanged a hopeful glance.

"You can do what you please, of course," Don Blas continued; "everybody is at liberty to arrange his life as he pleases, provided that it be honestly. But now to business."

"Your remark, Don Blas," Pedrito said, "overwhelms us with joy. You are a man of good counsel and good heart."

And without further delay, he told Mercedes' singular story. Towards its close Dona Sallazar left the room, unnoticed by her son or the bomberos.

"You are a worthy man, Don Pedro," Don Blas exclaimed. "Yes, deuce take me if you are not, though the bomberos generally are considered sorry fellows. You have judged me rightly, and I thank you for thinking of me."

"Then you consent?" Pepe asked.

"One moment, sapristi! let me conclude," the capataz said, as he filled the glasses again, "here's to your health, and that of the senorita. I am only a poor fellow, and a bachelor in the bargain, hence my protection would compromise a young lady's reputation, for tongues are wicked here as elsewhere, and though I live with my mother, an excellent woman, a wicked word is soon uttered. Senores, a girl's reputation is like an egg; once cracked it cannot be mended. You understand?"

"What is to be done?" Pedrito muttered with discouragement.

"Patience, compadre! I am nothing myself, but canario, Don Valentine Cardoso, my master, is kind, he is fond of me, and has a charming daughter; I will plead your sister's cause to him."

"The cause is already gained, my friend," said Don Valentine, whom Dona Sallazar had informed of the bomberos' wishes.

Donna Concha, who accompanied her father, had been greatly affected by the story of Mercedes' misfortunes; a good action had tempted her heart, and she begged her father to take charge of the bomberos' sister, who would be a companion for her. Pepe and Pedrito knew not how to express their gratitude to Senor Cardoso.

"My friends," the latter said, "I am only too happy to discharge my debt to you. We have an old account outstanding between us. Eh, Blas! and if my daughter still has a father, she owes it to you."

"Oh, senor!" the two young men protested.

"My daughter, Conchita, will have a sister, and I two daughters instead of one. Do you wish it so, Conchita?"

"I thank you, father," as she repeatedly kissed Mercedes. "My dear girl," she added, "kiss your brothers and follow me to my apartments; I will myself give you the articles of clothing you most require, and enable you to get rid of this heathen costume at once."

Mercedes threw herself into her brother's arms with tears.

"Come, come, little maid," Dona Concha said, as she drew her away, "do not cry thus, you will see them again, wipe your eyes, for I mean you to be happy, do you understand? Come, smile at once, my darling, and follow me."

The sentinel's horn at this moment announced that a stranger was asking admission to the estancia.

"Thanks, once again, Don Valentine," Pedrito said, "we go away with minds at rest."

"Good-bye, till we meet again, my friends."

Pedrito and Pepe, light both in body and mind, left the estancia, and crossed on their passage a horseman, who was coming up to the steps at a sharp trot.

"That is strange," said Pedrito, "where have I seen that man? I do not know, but I feel certain I have met him before."

"Do you know Don Torribio Carvajal?" the capataz asked.

"I am not aware if that is the caballero's name, who he is, or where I have seen him; still, I am certain that we met a very little while ago."

"Ah!"

"Good-bye, Don Blas, and thank you," the bomberos said, as they shook his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An Alligator has been caught in the Mississippi at St. Louis.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and all the chapters of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, up to this date.

THE COMING YEAR.

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A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.—A story of the Revolution. By the author of "The Scout." Our older readers will remember this work, as having been published a number of years ago in THE POST. It is written with spirit and ability, and we are pleased to see it republished in a volume. It should have a good sale among those who love stories of excitement and adventure—especially among the people of this city and neighborhood, where the plot is laid. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LEONORA CASSALONI; OR, THE MARRIAGE SECRET. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, author of "Gemma," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the Last Century. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, author of "Vanity Fair," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for June. Published by A. Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco.

THE SCALPEL. Edited by E. H. DIXON, M. D. For sale by the American News Company.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for April, 1869. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, June number. Published by J. L. Peters, 198 Broadway, New York.

☞ A horticultural wag, says that the language of flowers is that uttered by tulips.

The Patent Laws.

This subject was recently brought to the attention of the English House of Commons in a speech of the distinguished lawyer and ex-Attorney-General, Sir Roundell Palmer, upon a resolution introduced by Mr. Macjie, and seconded by himself, that the time had arrived when the interests of trade and commerce and the progress of the arts and sciences would be promoted by the abolition of patents for inventions. Sir Roundell Palmer divided patents into two classes—meritorious, such as the electric telegraph, the steam engine, and the screw propeller; and unmeritorious, such as trifling modifications in details. He argued that patents for meritorious inventions were seldom granted to the right persons, since the growth of knowledge was so gradual that many persons were on the track at the same time, and the man who obtained the patent won the race only by a neck. Moreover, to work and defend a patent requires capital, and poor men who make important inventions are forced to part with them at a small price to capitalists, who build up enormous fortunes from the appropriation of other men's labors. Unmeritorious patents, on the other hand, are mere obstacles to improvement. In answer to this argument, other members of Parliament, some of them inventors, urged that the defects of the present English Patent Law arose from its imperfect administration, and could be removed without destroying the principle of securing special rights to inventors. Patents, it was contended, stimulated inventions, and that if the law was abolished inventors would carry their project to other countries where they would obtain protection. The Attorney-General, Sir Robert Collier, said that weighing its advantages and disadvantages, a balance of good would be found in the operation of the patent laws, and suggested the appointment next year of a committee on the subject. The resolution was then withdrawn, and no vote was taken on the resolution. The above explanation is called for, from the fact that ten days ago the Atlantic Cable reported editorials on the patent laws in the London papers, without giving information as to the cause of this abrupt introduction of the subject.

PUTTING IN TEETH.—Weymouth, Massachusetts, is reported to have been the scene of a remarkable dental operation, which has created quite an excitement among the scientific. Not long ago a lad was kicked in the mouth by a horse, which resulted in the loss of several teeth. The boy's mother found the teeth, and took him to a physician's office, with a request that the doctor would reinsert them in the cavities from whence they had been so unceremoniously ejected. The doctor declined the performance of so novel a dental operation, but was finally prevailed upon to insert the molars in the lad's jaw; and, strange to relate, the operation proved a success, the teeth having become firmly imbedded in their original sockets, and doing their duty as grinders in an admirable manner.

☞ A Florida Journal, evidently affected by surrounding circumstances, sends the following:

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spread his claws,
And welcome little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.

☞ At Lodi, a small manufacturing town on the Erie Railroad, four men, employed in the print works, poured some essence of arsenic into some water, thinking it was oil of vitriol, small quantities of which they had been in the habit of using as a stimulant. Immediately all hands were taken with violent spasms, resulting in the death of four of them, and leaving the fifth in a condition which must also terminate fatally. The unfortunate men were all natives of Holland, and had families dependent upon them.

☞ "Shingle weddings" are becoming fashionable in Iowa. They occur when the first child is old enough to spank.

☞ HABIT.—The diminutive chains of habit are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Dr. Johnson.*

☞ Imitation calicoes, made of paper, are now sold in England. Ladies in England who desire to dress up in a hurry can now buy an elegantly embroidered paper petticoat for sixpence.

☞ A Kentucky police judge recently fined a man five dollars and cost, for the crime of kissing one of his own sex in the street.

☞ In a column of "Florida Items" is the mysterious announcement, that "Gov. Reed has ordered twenty iron cages for the State Penitentiary."

☞ As soon as Americans get abroad, they become tinctured with aristocracy. A Paris paper announces the arrival there of "Sir Elihu Washburne."

☞ In the Senate of Massachusetts, female suffrage has been defeated by 23 votes against 9.

☞ A point of some interest, in view of the opening of the Pacific Railroad, arises as to the difference of time from London to China and Japan by the overland route through Egypt, and the westward route via the Pacific Railroad. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's time is: From London to Hong Kong, forty-one days; Shanghai, forty-six days; and Yokohama, fifty-two days, including all stoppages and intervals for transhipments, which occupy about seven days. Westward, the time would probably be: London to New York, ten days; New York to San Francisco, seven days; San Francisco to Hong Kong, eighteen days; total, thirty-five days, not allowing any time for transhipments. This makes a very slight difference in favor of the Western route.

☞ A few days ago a lady arrived at one of the passenger depots in Dayton, Ohio, just as the train on which she desired to take passage moved away. As she stood gazing on the train, her arms full of packages and her eyes full of tears, a gentleman arrived at the depot on a full run, with his carpet sack in his hand, his coat on his arm, and his face streaming with perspiration. He, too, wanted to take the same train, but was too late. As he looked on the train, fast moving away, he sat down his carpet-bag, wiped his face, and very deliberately and emphatically said: "D—n that train!" The lady heard him, and smiling upon him with much sweetness, said: "Thank you, sir." He had evidently expressed her sentiments exactly.

Curious Vermont Institution.

The Council of Thirteen Censors, which is elected every seven years, in Vermont, has just been in session. The duty of this body is to inquire whether the Constitution has been preserved inviolate, whether the Executive and the Legislative branches of the Government have performed their duty as guardians of the people, or have exceeded the limits of their jurisdiction; whether the public taxes have been justly laid and collected, and in what manner the public moneys have been disposed of, and whether the laws have been duly executed. The Censors have power to send for persons, papers and records, have authority to pass public censures, to order impeachments, to recommend the repeal of unconstitutional laws, and to call a convention, to meet within two years, to amend the Constitution.

In pursuance of the constitutional regulations, this body met on June 2d (the first Wednesday), were in session for two days, and adjourned until July 27th. Committees were appointed to report on the resolutions, twenty-five in number, submitted to the censors. Among the alterations in the Constitution proposed were amendments, extending the right of suffrage irrespective of sex, changing the mode of electing the Judges of the Supreme Court, fixing their salaries and enlarging their terms of office, providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, and for extending the term of service of state officers from one to two years. Resolutions were also adopted, directing inquiries whether the usury laws and the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating beverages had been violated.

Coal in the Pacific States.

The Alta California, in a recent issue, from information given by a visitor to the region, states that the coal deposits of Wyoming Territory extend for nearly 300 miles along the Union Pacific Railroad, from Carbon to Evanstown stations. Six mines are now open, and the locomotives are using the coal, which contains, by analysis, 60 per cent. of carbon, 12 of water in combination, and 28 of inflammable gases. It is known by the name of Anthralignite. The principal mines are at Carbon, 650 miles west of Omaha, and extensive shafts and drifts have been run since August, 1868. From 250 to 300 miners are at work, earning from $7 to $12 a day in currency. Last winter, coal sold at Omaha for $27.50 a ton, but the new mines, it is asserted, will reduce the price to one-half or even one-third of that rate, and will supply way stations where coal heretofore could not be obtained. At Black Buttes and Point of Rocks stations, also, there are extensive mines. At Point of Rocks, there is a hill-side drift, with three shutes of a capacity to load one hundred cars, of ten tons each.

The Grain Crops Abroad.

It is announced that Russia, hitherto one of the largest grain supplying countries in the world, has recently entered the grain markets of Germany as a purchaser. This unusual circumstance is attributed to the short crop in Russia, arising not from a defective harvest, but from the result of emancipating the peasantry. The immense surplus, which heretofore made Russia the granary of Europe, was produced by the large land owners who worked the serfs up to their full capacity of labor. The serfs are now their own masters, and only cultivate enough grain to supply their own personal wants, and sometimes not even that quantity. The area sown in wheat is therefore gradually decreasing, and provinces which formerly were large exporters have for several years been obliged to import food. The Government also has been obliged to purchase and store up large quantities of grain to provide against the consequences of the conduct of the emancipated serfs.

DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.—On the evening of the 10th, there were great crowds in the Montmartre district, one barricade being formed. Many windows were broken, and other damage done to property in that quarter of the city. The cavalry charged on the crowds in the streets several times—and many citizens were wounded, but no one was killed. The police made 600 arrests since midnight. Further disturbances are apprehended—and extraordinary precautions have been taken by the Government to prevent them.

The Patrie and other Paris journals give returns, showing the election of 199 official and 88 opposition candidates.

The Emperor and Empress on the 11th, drove through the Montmartre district, which was filled with crowds of people who enthusiastically cheered.

MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK.—No less than twenty-four persons have "mysteriously disappeared" from New York during the past two weeks. One of these is a young lady of beauty and wealth. Following hard on the strange spiriting away of Mr. Steadman, a wealthy Englishman, who arrived a short time ago, and put up at the Brevoort House, it is now stated that a Mr. F. P. Woodhull, who left his boarding-house, at Astoria, on Tuesday evening of last week, has been murdered, and his body flung into the East River, from which it was recovered on the 11th, near Governor's Island. There was a long, deep gash on the head, with the evidence of foul play. On Tuesday night week, he stopped at French's hotel, but from that time all trace of him appears to have been lost.

A GENTLEMAN addressing a Sabbath-school in Brandenburg, Germany, asked the children, "Where did God place Adam and Eve?" The answer was,

"In the Garden of Eden."

"And what did they do there?"

"They tilled it."

"Why were they turned out?"

After a significant silence a little fellow cried out,

"Sir, they could not pay the rent!"

It was afterward found that the boy's parents had just been turned out of their house because they could not pay their rent, and the answer was naturally suggested to his mind. A purse was made up for the child to take to his father.

☞ Near Cairo, Egypt, there is a large tree, under which, according to tradition, Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus took shelter during their flight into Egypt. The tree, which stands on ground belonging to the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, was marked to be cut down, but the Empress Eugenie has purchased it standing, and now pays a keeper to watch it.

☞ Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their faces.

J. Wilkes Booth.

In the winter of 1862 or 1863, J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was playing a star engagement at Mr. Ben De Bar's Opera House in this city. Coming down one morning to rehearsal, he had occasion to enter a picture gallery and artist emporium for the purpose of procuring some paint or face dye, either for himself or some other of the actors.

After purchasing what he wanted, he was retiring from the store, when his eye caught a plaster bust of President Lincoln, which was being exhibited for sale. The sight of it appeared to arouse his indignation, and to stir him up to a high degree of rage, so much so, indeed, that he cursed both it and its original in the most violent strains. He worked himself into such a passion that, walking over to the bust, he struck it a violent blow in the face, knocking off a piece from over its eyes, and so severely injuring his own hand that it bled profusely, and he was obliged to wrap a handkerchief around it.

No notice was taken of the act, and Booth left the store for the theatre, the owner of the bust picking up the fragment which had been knocked off, and gluing it on so dexterously that the injury done it could not be detected.

Years passed on, and one morning in April, the country was shaken to its centre as no other piece of intelligence had ever shaken it before—that the President had been shot in Ford's Theatre in Washington, by J. Wilkes Booth. The nation went into mourning for its chief magistrate, and, wherever his remains could not be actually honored, mock funerals were held. Such a funeral was kept in St. Louis; the city went into mourning, and the court-house was draped with black. A bust of the President was placed in the court-house, and it was observed that from one of the eyes a piece of the material had been broken off. This bust was the same one which Booth had mutilated, and the piece which was at the same time replaced was afterwards removed when the same hand which struck it off struck down its original.

We do not know into whose possession the bust has passed. The above anecdote in reference to it was recently related to us by a well-known gentleman of this city, who was present when Booth struck the image, and as we do not think it has ever been told before, we publish it on his authority.—*St. Louis Despatch.*

☞ Wonders of science never cease! Some years ago the opinion was expressed by a distinguished astronomer of Cambridge, England, that if the earth's atmosphere were but increased some 13,000 yards in height, so as to have an increased power of retaining the warmth poured upon it from outer space, we might do without the sun altogether so far as our heat supply is concerned. More recently, by means of an instrument called the galvanometer, used in connection with a refracting telescope, it has not only been proved that the stars actually give heat to the earth, but the comparative amount of heat received from different stars has been, as it were, measured.

☞ A young lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone: "Why are these doors always left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the wife.

☞ Jacksonville, Florida, has been amusing itself with a new sort of race. The guests at the St. James Hotel were bored by the hot weather, and wanted some sport, so they instituted an alligator race. Five fine young animals were entered; the purse was $50—best two in three. Spotted Tail, a frisky youngster, bolted the track, and "went for the spectators, which frightened some ladies. Then Gazelle and Boston Boy acted in the same unseemly manner, and thereby lost a good place on the track, and were outstripped by Nimble Jack and Champion Maid. At the second heat, Champion Maid came in ahead, but at the third heat Nimble Jack again did justice to his name. All the animals are now in training for another race, to come off next week. The result is looked for with great interest.

☞ Newark voted recently whether the horse-cars shall run on Sunday—and it was carried by 1,200 majority.

☞ An engineer resigned his position on a Western railroad in disgust, because, as he said, it consisted of nothing but the right of way and two streaks of rust.

☞ Mrs. Parker, a lawyer's wife, shot and fatally wounded Mrs. Baker, a milliner, at Portland, Me., recently. Jealousy was the cause.

☞ A lady, Mrs. Kesia B. Johnson, was lately appointed Postmistress of Leavenworth, Kansas—and the local papers say that she commenced operations without a box, desk or table, tumbling the mails all over the floor, simply because she got huffy, and wouldn't buy, borrow, or take as a gift, the fixtures of her predecessor. Consequently, the office had to be shut up for a day, and was not opened until the business men of the city, by a united effort, prevailed upon her to take the furniture, and get matters into some sort of shape.

☞ A young Shaker in a Connecticut community lately made a velocipede. The Elder beheld the preposterous machine, and thus exorcised it: "A Shaker on a velocipede can ride only in one direction—straight to the devil," and smashed it incontinently with an axe. Young Shaker kicked at this rough discipline, and went off for good, other young disciples not well grounded in the faith joining in the indignation and revolt.

☞ The Jefferson County (Mo.) Democrat announces the marriage of Mr. Murrell to Miss Maricas. The ceremony was performed on the public highway, the bride and groom, officiating elder, and all the spectators being on horseback. The happy groom was divorced from his first wife on the preceding Monday.

☞ The Council Bluff (Iowa) Nonpariel says that when the "good time coming" comes, announcements like the following will be frequent: "Died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, Mr. John Smith, husband of the Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence in Nashua, this morning at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated and trained nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues; as a cook he was surpassed by few; as a nurse he was equalled by none."

☞ A Greek, at Stamboul, recently had a dream that a vast treasure could be found in a certain hill, if a child were sacrificed to the guardian demon. He took his little daughter to the place the next day, beat out her brains, and dug for the gold in high spirits until he was arrested.

Familiar Love.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, in the last installment of his novel of "He Knew He Was Right," has the following:—

"Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they are to lead together; what ideas each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together; and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart in written words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by any eyes, and any ears, and any sense, but the eyes, and ears, and sense of the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man that she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it, sweeter than any stars, haycocks, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced."

☞ A lot of minstrels of a western city started out on a "tower" recently. They went to a town not far away and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to 25 cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!" Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to 25 cents, so that the poor could all come?" The committee vanished.

☞ The 500th anniversary of the birth of John Huss is to be celebrated this year at Prague, and a monument to his memory is to be erected at Constance, Baden, where he was burned.

☞ In order to vex their Russian oppressors, the Poles of Warsaw have suddenly taken a great liking to the German language. They cause their children to study German instead of Russian, and the German language is spoken at all places of amusement while the Russian tongue is not used there at all. The Pole who speaks Russian is at once shunned in consequence by his countrymen, as a renegade and traitor.

☞ So many Senators have gone to Europe that it is proposed to hold a session there this summer, and discuss the Alabama question.

☞ There is a man in Chicago who vowed he would not shave until Douglas was elected President. His beard is now eight feet long.

☞ There resides in Philadelphia a family of five brothers and one sister, aged respectively 85, 79, 78, 74, 71. Of these, five have had their golden wedding, and if the one aged 71 and wife live twenty months longer, they will have theirs. They were all born and have lived here all their lives.

☞ A young man named Charles Nicholas had the whole top of his head kicked off by a horse, near Cleveland, on Wednesday evening. The horse was turned loose, with a halter on, and, after it had rolled to its satisfaction, and was about to rise, Nicholas advanced to take hold of the halter, when the horse, in a playful mood, first reared, and then turned and kicked with both hind feet, killing the man in the manner stated.

☞ The new marriage law of Ohio prohibits marriages between first cousins, and of girls under sixteen years of age, and of girls, or "young ladies," under twenty-one years of age without the consent of their parents.

☞ La Cloche, Ulbach's humorous paper, was recently confiscated for speaking of Eugenie as "our venerable Empress."

☞ One Harry Robinson advertises himself in the theatrical papers as a "singist, mucisist and mechanical donkeyist."

☞ A printer in the Columbus Sun office and a young companion, with more nerve than discretion, have recently been seeking to eclipse the William Tell romance. At a distance of forty yards one of them held a target not four inches above his head, and allowed his companion to shoot at it with a Potter's rifle. The ball very nearly centered the bull's eye.

☞ A shoestring saved a little girl's life in New Haven, the other day. It caught on a nail as she fell out of a third-story window, and held her from death until assistance came.

☞ At the Observatory in Washington, arrangements have been made to carry into effect a plan of signals, by means of the telegraph and steam whistles, to warn the city of coming storms.

☞ The Postmaster of New York, orders that no letter carrier shall show a letter to any one but the person to whom it is addressed.

☞ A highly intelligent reporter, the other day, in writing up a funeral, said:—"The people passed in review before the corpse!"

☞ A Japanese colony is now on the way to San Francisco, composed of skilled silk and tea cultivators, who propose to buy Government land, set out 50,000 new mulberry trees, and 6,000,000 tea roots.

☞ The temperance friends of Mr. George Cruikshank have presented to the English nation his great picture, "The Worship of Bacchus," valued at fifteen thousand dollars.

☞ A young "buck" now-a-days is curiously compounded; he has a beaver on his head, a goat-ee on his chin, kids on his hands, doeskin on his legs; casts sheep's eyes, and is looked upon by his doe-ting duck as dear.

☞ A young gentleman was escorting a young lady home, a mile or two, and not wishing to walk, he remarked: "Mary, let's take a buss." But Mary, blushing to the eyebrows, drew back, and with wounded modesty, replied: "Oh, George! not right here in the street!"

☞ The Boston Journal of Commerce says:—"No variety of wine is more dangerous than what is called claret. It is usually a vile mixture. Thousands of gallons are made by allowing water to soak through shavings, and adding thereto a certain proportion of logwood and tartaric acid, and a little alcohol. Good judges can hardly discriminate between this mixture and the genuine article."

Suspended Tramways.

It has often been said that a good deal of trade might be developed in outlaying parts of the country if they could be made accessible by cheap tramways. The want is now supplied by the Patent Wire-rope Tramway, which is supported on posts, and is well adapted for a rough country where the level can be maintained by simply varying the length of the posts. There are two rows of posts, and a horizontal wheel at each end of the line, and the endless wire-rope passed round the wheels is supported by pulleys attached to the line of posts. On the turning of the wheels, by steam or any other power, the whole length of rope is set in motion. The carriages (if such a name may be used) are boxes made to hang on the rope by a couple of pulleys, which run easily over all the points of support, conveying their load down one side of the line, and returning empty on the other. That this can be done is demonstrated by a tramway on this construction which has been in operation for six months, carrying granite from a quarry on Barden Hill (Charnwood Forest) to a village three miles distant. And we hear that a similar line is to be erected at the gold-mines a little below Mucugnaga, in the Val Anzasca.—*London Journal.*

WHAT WILL BE.—A clergyman, whose name is stated to be Mr. Wild, has been lecturing in Canada, taking for his subject, "What the world is coming to." He announces these, among other things looming in the distance: Coral insects will fill up the Pacific with solid, habitable land; eventually the globe will be all land, or at least there will be no more sea; there is also to be perpetually equal day and night of twelve hours each all over the globe; there is to be only one language spoken throughout the world, and "that of course will be English."

AN EVENING PRAYER.

God, that mad'st the earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil has given,
And for rest the night,
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This livelong night! —*Heber.*

☞ The boy who, when asked to what trade he would wish to be brought up, replied, "I will be a trustee, because ever since papa has been a trustee we have had pudding at dinner," was a wise child in his generation. The greatest successes now-a-days are those connected with the dealing with other people's money.

☞ There was a thoroughness about practical joking in the middle ages. When Pope Adrian died in 1583, the Roman people, who hated and despised him, determined to testify their pleasure at the event. They therefore adorned the door of his physician's house with garlands, adding the inscription: "To the deliverer of his country."

☞ About seven years ago two sisters-in-law, in Detroit, got into a dispute over a baking they were engaged in, and vowed never to speak to each other again. Though they have both lived together in the same house since then, eating at the same table, and engaged at work side by side, they have never once addressed a remark to each other, or in any way recognized each other's presence.

☞ HOW TO CLEANSE WATER.—The editor of Hall's Journal of Health has often, in ancient times, "settled" Mississippi water, and made it look "as clear as a bell," by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around for a few seconds beneath the surface of a glassful. The same authority further states that if a lump of alum as large as the thumb-joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soap-suds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing.

☞ Tennyson has a printing office in his house, and sends his works to his publishers in type.

☞ Mazzini lives on soup and hash, and smokes thirty cigars a day; so the correspondents say.

☞ When a prisoner is sentenced to death in France, he is taken to a very strongly-built cell, and has to put on the straight-jacket. A guard remains with him night and day, and highly stimulating food is given to him. Owing to the liberal allowance of wine given to the men shortly before they are sent to the guillotine, most of them are drunk when they reach the scaffold.

☞ A young lady in Staunton, Va., keeps a list of her male acquaintances in a pocket diary, and calls it her *him* book.

☞ A negro lady in Chicago has sued a white gentleman for "breach of promise."

☞ The New York Commercial calls Miss Ida Lewis the "Great American Life Preserver."

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do to "preach cream and practice skim-milk."

☞ "A MR. LONGFELLOW."—When Horace Greeley started the New Yorker, he offered fifty dollars for the best short poem. The announcement was that the fifty dollars had been awarded to a Mr. H. W. Longfellow, a Professor of Bowdoin College.

☞ In the case of Miss Amanda Craig, of Cincinnati, vs. J. P. Sprague, of Chicago, for breach of promise of marriage, which has been on trial at Wheaton, Ill., the jury rendered a verdict awarding Miss Craig $100,000 damages, the sum claimed by her. Sprague's counsel will apply for a new trial.

☞ When my bees were in box hives, says Mrs. Tupper, I never omitted looking on the bottom board of each one every morning, and destroying the worms. Every one left soon becomes a miller, capable of laying many eggs, that become worms very soon—every one destroyed puts an end to four possible generations in a single season. Destroy *every worm* in spring, and you can have no miller hatched in your hives that season.

☞ "Put money in thy purse," as the pickpocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.

☞ A gentleman seeing a fine painting representing a man playing on the lute, paid this high compliment to the artist:—"When I look on that painting I fancy myself deaf."

☞ An old sea captain used to say that he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, "because everybody knew him."

☞ A man near Detroit, bent on suicide, the other day deliberately laid his left leg and right arm over the rails, with his head just off the track and his fist turned towards the approaching train. With steady eye, he watched its coming, and both limbs were cut off, the man dying shortly afterwards.

Arsenic for the Complexion.

Miss Delinda Louisa Cook, a Maine girl of eighteen, who recently poisoned herself in San Francisco, owed her death to an ignorance of the qualities of arsenic. She was a robust and handsome girl, but afflicted with a ruddiness of countenance not in accordance with her ideas of beauty. Having heard that arsenic would improve the complexion, she bought a coup'e of ounces of the poison at a druggist's, and when at home took a teaspoonful of it. In the afternoon she was taken suddenly ill. When questioned, she stated that she had taken the mineral. When informed that she had taken a large dose of deadly poison, and that her life could probably not be saved, she was greatly astonished, and intense mental anguish was added to her already terrible physical suffering. Every possible effort was made by the physicians in attendance to save the life of the sufferer, but she died in a few hours. The coroner's jury found a verdict that she came to her death "by having taken a dose of arsenic for the purpose of beautifying her complexion."

☞ A poor fellow having with difficulty procured an audience of the late Duke of Newcastle, told his Grace he only came to solicit him for something toward his support, and as they were of the same family, both being descended from Adam, he hoped he should not be refused.

"Surely not," said the Duke; "surely not. Here is a penny for you; and if all the rest of your relations will give you as much, you'll be a richer man than I am."

☞ The Western lands, it is stated, are rapidly becoming exhausted from the production of one class of crops and from the neglect to apply proper manures. The journals of that region assert that the grain-growing districts of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Minnesota are yielding smaller crops to the acre every year, and the same fact has been observed in the wheat districts of California. The West, as well as the South, must adopt the plan of rotation of crops.

☞ A man, surprised by the approach of a railroad train on a bridge near Buffalo, dropped between the sleepers and grasped the rail, expecting that the cars would pass over him. They did so, cutting off all his fingers and dropping him into the water.

☞ Mr. Sumner is not only assailed by John Bull, but by "Bulls" generally, his speech having made the fortune of "Bears" on all the stock markets of Europe, not excepting Galatia, in Turkey, where the Turkish consols fell two per cent. on the publication of his speech. Pretty good for the great "Peace orator!"

☞ Not bad for a little girl of ten; whose knowledge of geography is somewhat imperfect: On hearing her father speaking of going to the *polls* to vote, she very innocently inquired if the people at the South voted at the *equator*.

☞ CONSUMPTION.—The returns of the census of 1860 show that the mortality from consumption was, in Massachusetts, 1 in every 250 inhabitants; in Connecticut, 1 in 360; in New York, 1 in 470; in Pennsylvania, 1 in 580; in California, 1 in 720; in Tennessee, 1 in 770; in Louisiana, 1 in 840; in Illinois, 1 in 880; in Iowa and Missouri, 1 in 900; in Minnesota, 1 in 1,139; in North Carolina, 1 in 1,300; in Florida, 1 in 1,440; in South Carolina, 1 in 1,720; and in Georgia, 1 in 2,150. It is supposed that so large a death-rate by consumption in New England is due to the cold and moisture, brought about by sudden changes. A dry climate is absolutely essential for those whose lungs are diseased.

☞ A little six-year old who attends church at a meeting-house recently remodelled, was enlarging eloquently on the beauties of the edifice, when a young friend interrupted her by inquiring if she supposed the minister preached any better than he did in the old house. "Well," said the enthusiast, "I guess he does; at any rate, a dinner tastes better when you have a nice clean plate to eat off of." This settled the matter.

☞ Mr. Edwin Booth, the well known tragedian, was married Monday, at Long Branch, to Miss Mary McVicker, formerly of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the bride's grandfather, the Rev. S. F. Myers, of California.

☞ Paul de Cassagnac is a Paris editor, who has been called a liar 500 times, has been spit on in the street 7 times, has had his nose pulled 4 times, and been 4 times horse-whipped.

☞ A German paper, published at Doylestown, Pa., in a late issue, contained a poem of sixty-four lines, singing the praise of sauerkraut, and preferring it, if properly prepared, to boiled sweet corn and sweet corn pudding.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing; sales 10,000 bbls at $5@5.25 for superfine; $5.50@6 for extra; $5.75@6.50 for low grade and choice Northwest extra family; $6@7.50 for Penna extra family; $6@8 for Ohio and Indiana extra family and $8.50@11 ₽ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour; 300 bbls sold at $6.25 @6.50 ₽ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat has been active. About 50,000 bus sold at $1.30@1.50 for common to prime red, $1.48 @1.65 for amber, the latter rate for choice Michigan, $1.40 for No 1 spring, $1.45@1.49 for California, and $1.70@1.80 ₽ bus for white, according to quality. Rye; 3000 bus sold at $1.30 for Penna and Western, and $1.32@1.33 for prime New York. Prime Corn; sales of 30,000 bus prime yellow at 90@93c; 20,000 bus high mixed Western at 87@89c; 18,000 bus Western yellow at 86@91c and 20,000 bus Western mixed at 84@87c ₽ bus. Oats; 40,000 bus sold at 73 @75c for Western, and 50@70c ₽ bus for Southern and Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of 600 bbls Mess Pork at $32.25@32.50. Mess Beef sells at $22@23 for city packed. Sales of Beef Hams are quoted at $30@31. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@18½c, and Shoulders at 14@14½. Green Meats—600 tcs pickled Hams sold at 17½@18c; and salt Shoulders at 13½@13½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs Western at 19½@19½c for steam and kettled rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 18@21c, and prime roll at 25@32c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 20@22c. Eggs sell at 20@ 21c ₽ doz.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 1500 bales of middlings sold at 30½@31½c for Uplands, and 31½@32½c for New Orleans.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing; sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $40@41, and 400 tons of No. 2 at $38. Scotch Pig is quoted at $43 ₽ ton. Manufactured Iron is quoted at $80 ₽ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull at $8@9. Timothy is quoted at $2. Flaxseed is selling at $2.70@2.75 ₽ bushel.

☞ An ex-member of the New York Legislature recently applied at an Albany police court for permission to go to jail for thirty days as a vagrant. A good example to other members.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₽ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₽ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ₽ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,25 ₽ 100 lbs.

Oil Clay and Cinnabar.

A discovery has been made on the coast of Brazil, about thirty miles from Bahia, of an enormous deposit of clay which yields oil in considerable quantities. This clay—for which the name *turba* is proposed—is so light that it floats in water, takes fire easily, and may be expected to help on the solution of that important question, the burning of liquid fuel in sea-going steamers. Specimens of *turba* and of the various oils and other products extracted from it have been exhibited in London; and the result may be a trade in Brazilian clay which shall rival that in Peruvian guano. It is in favor of the *turba* that it forms the actual shore, so that persons landing from boats would step at once upon it.

Simultaneously with this comes news (with specimens) of cinnabar found in prodigious quantities in Borneo. What will mineralogists say to this? And is the island of the eastern seas about to compete with Almaden in supplying the world with a mineral for which there is a lively demand?

Nature is the Great Physician.

This is now admitted, by the medical profession, as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever anything is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim, therefore, is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which operates to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The effect of this medicine upon the stomach, the liver and the kidneys, is prompt and decisive. The patient, who is wise enough to quit drugging and try the BITTERS, soon feels as if he had taken a new lease of life, and as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. It is prepared with great care, and its component parts are entirely vegetable. It is free from the objections so often urged against preparations of the kind. As a *MEDICAL AGENT* it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing and efficient. All who have used HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS attest its virtues.

Even those who are in the enjoyment of perfect health frequently have need to have recourse to tonics as preventives of disease. We are never too well armed against the assaults of "the ills that flesh is heir to." In health or sickness this tonic cannot be taken regularly without giving vitality and elasticity to the system. je5-4t

☞ It seems impossible to understand the extravagant eulogies that have appeared of late years in London journals, in regard to certain well-written but not at all wonderful books, except on the supposition that there is a Mutual Admiration Society in that city, having the control of various influential presses, and whose ennobling motto is, "Tickle me, and I'll tickle you!"

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ An Englishman was telling the late Col. Isaac C. Barnes of the great rate the cars run in England. "Why, Colonel, in my country they go seventy-five miles the hour." "They do," says the colonel; "they could not run long at that rate, or they would run off the little island."

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

☞ A man wearing a pair of spotted pantaloons took a noontide siesta under a tree in the neighborhood of Madison, Ind. A German who was out hunting, saw his leg hanging over a rock, and mistaking it for a huge boa-constrictor, fired a charge of shot into it. The moral is obvious. Don't wear spotted pantaloons when you take an out-of-door nap in Indiana.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,

129 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ Twenty negroes were wounded in the Washington election riot; one is dead, and another dying. They attacked other negroes who voted the "citizen's" ticket, and the police, in protecting the assailed negroes, had to use their revolvers.

Interesting to Ladies.

In 1854 I purchased a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine which has been in almost constant daily use ever since. Fifteen years of arduous labor on every variety of material used in a family, seems to have no more effect on its movements than the labor of so many days. It has been a faithful, tireless, uncomplaining and inexpensive servant, never having needed the slightest repairs, and is still capable of doing the sewing for another generation.—*Mrs. Bartol, 1000 Spruce St., Philadelphia.*

☞ Carbolic acid has been applied to a new use. An Italian chemist has invented a kind of paper thoroughly impregnated with carbolic acid. It is asserted that beef, if wrapped in this paper, will keep perfectly fresh and pure for a long time.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Felons.—This painful endemic complaint is rapidly subjugated after a few trials of the above balsams; in no one instance have they failed to complete their cure.

☞ A writer in Brigham Young's paper recommends to the Saints the practice of bathing, which, he says, ought to be indulged in oftener than once a week, notwithstanding the prevailing opinion that death would follow such hazardous cleanliness.

WHO'S AFRAID?—A little three-year-old was in the habit of helping himself to crackers in the pantry, lifting the tin lid and plunging his hand into the stone jar for them. One day, after listening to stories about rats, he went after a cracker, and hearing some noise that he imagined was made by rats, he rushed back to the parlor, and with flushed face said—

"Muzzer, I aint afraid of rats, but Ise so tired I couldn't lift the lid."

☞ SABBATH-BREAKING.—A little Utica girl noticing a gentleman of very severe countenance passing in the street on a Sunday, asked, "Mother, ain't it breaking the Sabbath to look so cross when he's going to meeting?"

S a r s a p a r i l l i a n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 200 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St.

my29-1f

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. JAMES LAWTON to Miss MARGARET S. CONOVER, both of Trenton, N. J.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ISAAC A. SHUTE to Miss KATE SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ABRAHAM HANCHER to Miss HENRIETTA HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. GEORGE W. WECKERT to Miss MARTHA WALLACK, both of this city.

On the 8th of June, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ADAM S. ABEL to Miss ELLA A. HOGEBOOTS, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Mr. JOHN F. BOOK to Miss NELLIE EDDOWES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, REBECCA MCCAULEY, aged 16 years.

On the 8th instant, Rev. DAVID TILGHMAN, in his 47th year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. CONRAD GRIES, aged 49 years.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE WOLFE, M. D., in his 84th year.

On the 6th instant, Col. WILLIAM A. GRAY, aged 61 years.

On the 6th instant, JAMES B. GRAHAM, in his 25th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. WASHINGTON WHELDIN, Sr., in his 80th year.

On the 5th instant, GRIFFITH MENDENHALL, aged 56 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARY HOPKINS, aged 72 years.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

Secret History

OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The *astounding revelations* and *startling disclosures*, made in this work, are creating the most intense desire in the minds of the people to obtain it. The *secret political intrigues, &c.*, of Davis and other Confederate leaders, with the *Hidden Mysteries* from "Behind the Scenes in Richmond," are thoroughly *ventilated*. Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work.

Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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A NOVEL INVENTION!—An Invention by which any one can take correct likenesses or photographs. Sent, post-paid, for 50 cts. Agents wanted. Address GEO. C. BENNETT, Wadsworth, Ohio. je12-4t

A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

A PARODY.

Whoe'er he be,
That not Impossible He,
To be hereafter lord of me,

Though he now lie
Where mortal naked eye
Cannot his shape descry,

I do believe that he,
Most verily,
In flesh and blood doth wait for me.

I wish him beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To arts of dress—pins, rings, or blue tie.

Something more than
Hats or blacking can,
Which make the fop, and not the man.

An eye that's bright
With youth's own eagle light,
And needs no "glass" for sight.

A stately form and tall,
Highest in field and hall,
As was of old King Saul.

Standing among men, proud,
With a free step, uncowed,
With a high head, unbowed.

Tender to woman's tears,
Pity for maiden's fears,
Kind words for children's ears;

A true heart and clear head,
Yet not all Euclid-bred,
Or on stale classics fed;

One who can ride to hounds,
And loveth sylvan sounds,
But is not "horsy" without bounds;

One who can steer and scull,
A "biceps" that can pull
Up-stream a whole boat-full.

Yet with a soul and parts
For finer, gentler arts,
That live in noble hearts:

One who can rise and sing
When maidens wake the string,
And softest cadence fling.

A fair, good name,
Perhaps no renown or fame,
At least no taint of shame.

A manly grace,
That looks you in the face
And owns to no disgrace.

Now, if Time knows
This him, for whose high brows
There waits my wreath of vows,

He that dares be
What these lines wish to see,
I seek no further—it is he!

A Hero of Waterloo.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

On the 18th of June, 1815, was fought a great battle, memorable forever as the Battle of Waterloo. By whose courage or skill was the battle won? According to the best military critics, there was abundance of courage on both sides, but on neither side any skill, the superiority of numbers on the part of the allies ultimately deciding the combat. Perhaps it fluttered and paralyzed the Duke of Wellington that he had to face for the first time, the mightiest man the world had for centuries seen: and perhaps Napoleon began the awful conflict like a dispirited gambler, who has no longer faith in his own sagacity, adroitness and fortune. If the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Napoleon might have done better at the battle of Waterloo, the same thing cannot be said of Hundsfott Saudistel, whose achievements have hitherto been buried among heaps of German lumber, from which we now propose to disinter them for the entertainment and edification of the reader.

In 1816, while William I., of Hesse-Cassel, was still busy with his military and other reforms, one of his ministers received the following letter from England:—

"A brave man, a native of Electoral Hesse, serving in the English army as a member of the German Legion, and as an artilleryman, saved at the Battle of Waterloo an English battery. All the artillerymen had been shot down, and a French regiment of cuirassiers rushed on the battery with the wildest fury. The valiant man, who, unassisted, had loaded all the pieces with grapeshot, fearlessly seized the match, and with the rapidity of lightning hurled the whole fire of the battery at the approaching horsemen. So frightful was the slaughter that the regiment broke and fled. Hereby the English grenadiers gained time to secure the battery which had been defended by the intrepidity of a single man. England delights in being grateful, but on this occasion was unable to recompense adequately, or at all, a distinguished service. The German Legion was dissolved, and the gallant artilleryman was forgotten. But when the army reports were perused afresh, the grievous neglect was at once discovered. It has become an urgent duty to atone for the oversight. We very respectfully therefore request you to make inquiries for the man, whose name is Hundsfott Saudistel, and who is doubtless, from his high character and notable achievements, known to many persons. The large gold war medal, and a suitable sum of money, we wish to place in his hands without delay, in recognition of the bold and famous feat."

Not small was the astonishment caused in Cassel by this epistle. Such excessive modesty had never been heard of before. A man of a rare stamp must this Hessian hero be. Diligent search had to be made for the warrior, who would no doubt blush for his own renown, as soon as a whisper thereof reached his ear. It seemed almost cruelty to disturb the philosopher in his profound retirement. Yet a descendent of George II. could not treat disdainfully a request coming from the chiefs of the English military administration.

A letter was therefore dispatched to every district magistrate of Hesse-Cassel. Minute and persevering investigation was earnestly urged. If the Great Unknown, who was likewise the Great Known, was still alive, he could not fail to be discovered when so many eyes were with hunger spying for the trace of his footsteps. But every district magistrate, the more he darted fussily hither and thither, and looked into all sorts of corners, and asked all sorts of questions, the more he was doomed to disappointment. Manifestly the illustrious Saudistel had vanished from the earth.

At last, an Amtmann, more fortunate than his brethren, found in a village on the extreme frontier of the mighty realm of Hesse-Cassel, a hermit who was called Saudistel, and who might be presumed to be the missing artilleryman, the soldier who had been in the English service, and who, by one grand deed, had made himself immortal.

It is seldom that a district magistrate can render himself great by coming in contact with greatness. We can pardon, therefore, our Amtmann for shouting a loud shout of victory.

In hot haste, the Amtmann fired at the hermit a whole battery of interrogations. The hermit was stalwartly built, and might have laid some claim to good looks; but his nose had a suspicious tinge, a coppery red, which is not generally supposed to be the best embellishment for noses. As a rule, it cannot be called a water-color, for it never arises from the exclusive drinking of water.

The better to be a hermit, Herr Hundsfott Saudistel had changed his mode of life. He had never been fond of work, and war had not made him fonder thereof. Ceasing to be the slave of the war-god Mars, Herr Hundsfott Saudistel undertook the humble and by no means onerous duties of swineherd.

"What can I do to serve you, excellent Herr Amtmann?" asked the valiant swineherd, with speech not so thick, and with nose not so coppery as usual, as it was early in the day.

"Sit down," said graciously, the self-important magistrate, "and answer me clearly, correctly, and honestly. Have you ever served as a soldier under the English?"

"Certainly I have, Herr Amtmann," was the reply.

"How did you come into the British service?"

Herr Hundsfott Saudistel shrugged his shoulders, and with the ease of a soldier who had seen the world, he began his narrative:—

"You must know, Herr Amtmann, that I was one of the conscripts sent from Hesse-Cassel to join the French army in Spain. In that fine country there were blue beans in abundance, but they were not good for eating, and a soldier who had got one of them into his stomach immediately lost his appetite, and could never drink any more schnapps. I was fond neither of the blue beans, nor of the French, and as I heard that the English had landed, and had a benevolent desire to show us the way back to the frightfully high mountains we had crossed when we entered Spain, I felt a strong desire to aid them in their kind attempt, and to pay my ransom, if I may be permitted to employ our customary phrase."

"That is to say, you wanted to desert," cried the magistrate, with a smile.

"If the expression pleases you better, by all means use it," proceeded Saudistel. "But we had good cause for wanting to be off, I can assure you. The English had plenty to eat and drink, while we suffered bitter hunger and thirst. Even water was not to be had; for though I have never liked water, I would willingly have swallowed it in the absence of anything else. The redcoats, pressing forever on, drove us nearer and nearer to the high mountains; and worse still, the fierce Spanish guerrilla troops, bursting from height and glen, were continually attacking us. All this was not much to my taste, I confess; nothing but blue beans to eat, and not even water to drink. Once, when the English were treading on our heels, I pretended to be rather more stupid than I am, and allowed myself to fall into their hands. If this pleased them much, it pleased me more, for I immediately entered the German Legion, ceased to hear and to gabble French, and got enough to eat and drink, though blue beans were with the English as with the French, an article of diet. The English had two kinds of schnapps—both most excellent. They had a schnapps called rum, and a schnapps called whiskey, and it was pleasant to be able to choose between two such beverages. We drove the French before us after the battle of Vittoria, and I marched to Paris, and when peace arrived, I went to England. There I remained till Napoleon ran away from Elba. By-and-by, I found myself at Brussels. My career as a soldier came to an end at the battle of Waterloo. About that bloody affair you have doubtless heard enough, and I shudder when I recall it, with all its noise and confusion and havoc.

"I am a man of honor, and I wish to conceal nothing from you. Therefore I frankly confess that all my life I never possessed an excessive, or inconvenient amount of courage. If I was an artilleryman, it was from necessity and not from love of the occupation. At being ordered hither and thither, without regard to my taste and feelings, I growled in my heart. The cannonades I detested; because apart from the horrible din, the enemy always rushed like a wolf on the batteries. As soon as matters at Waterloo grew ugly and dangerous, my very moderate stock of valor began to diminish. But I made some natural and wise reflections. In my pocket I had two English shillings. What so natural, or what so wise as that I should spend those two shillings with the woman who sold drinks, and one of whose best customers I was. If courage was possible for me at all, it was plain that I could only get it from the bottle. In the presence of peril, I was a person of the liveliest imagination, and uncomfortable thoughts commenced to throng upon me, especially as the earth trembled under my feet, from the hideous crash of the artillery. It occurred to me that I should be an egregious fool to expose myself to the risk of being killed, and a greater fool still to let the French become the heirs of the two shillings. Common sense demanded that I should change the money into rum, and accordingly into rum I speedily changed it. Inspired by two-shillings'-worth of rum, I felt brave for the moment. But drowsiness and a tendency of my legs to eccentric movements, made me believe that my fittest position was a horizontal one.

When then I returned to the battery, I threw myself down beside one of the guns, and lay as still as a stone. My comrades, perhaps, thought that a blue bean had got into my stomach; not one of them disturbed me. How long I slept, I know not, but when I awoke, the cannon-balls were sweeping the face of the hill on which the battery stood. All my comrades had disappeared. Whether they had run away, or had been slain by the enemy, I knew not. But this I know, that a French regiment of cuirassiers was dashing up toward the battery at full gallop.

"With much zeal I cursed in my soul the French rascals, and devoutly wished that they were in the fiery regions where pepper grows. But I had not much time for cursing. It was no joke to behold so near that awful onrush of glittering breastplates and sabres. If taken and recognized, I was sure to be forthwith and without ceremony, shot. My own life seemed very valuable to me, compared to the lives of hundreds of men. I sprang to a loaded cannon, pointed it and fired it off. When I saw the slaughter the grapeshot made, I shouted and danced in the exuberance of my glee. A second, a third gun, I pointed and fired off, and in swift succession the whole battery. Fortunately for me, but not fortunately for the poor French fellows, every gun had been already loaded by busier hands than mine, ere I applied a single match. How the grapeshot mowed man and horse down, you can readily conceive, Herr Amtmann. The cuirassiers fell like snowflakes, and those who escaped danced right and left, from the dust and the smoke with all convenient speed. Doubtless I was saved as well as the battery. But how long? The shattered and scattered masses formed again for a fresh onset. With the celerity of the lightning or the wind, I cleaned the guns and loaded them anew. With eye all attention, and with hand all alertness, I was about to discharge them, when the English, in stormy mood, and with a stormy step, came on, and seized the battery and the hill.

"'Where are the other artillerymen?' asked the colonel of the regiment.

"'I know not,' I replied.

"'Have you alone discharged the guns?' he further inquired.

"Can you imagine a more stupid question, Herr Amtmann? The blockhead might have seen that no one else was near.

"'Who else?' said I.

"'And did you alone load the guns anew with grapeshot?'

"'Who else?' cried I, much annoyed at being catechised in such a silly and schoolboy fashion.

"But the catechising was not yet at an end. I was requested to tell my name, and so on. The truth I avowed without distortion, or embellishment, or boasting, though with some slight and pardonable suppressions. I neither spoke to the officer about the two-shillings'-worth of rum, nor of my profound slumber beside the cannon, nor of the hearty curses which I had yearned to fling at the French. The officer was neither an inquisitor nor a police agent, and, as he was not inclined to probe very keenly, I stated no more than was absolutely indispensable.

"Fervent and extravagant was the officer's praise of my courage, resolution, and skill.

"'I must make Wellington acquainted with your wonderful achievements,' he said, in conclusion.

"'You can do herein as you think proper,' was my answer."

"My comrades now came once more on the scene which they had quitted—not assuredly from any excess of courage. The stamp of the coward was upon them, and they would have had some difficulty in escaping the coward's doom if their services had not been urgently needed. The firing began again, for again the French advanced, but they encountered a fresh check; for I had given each of the guns a good belly ful of grapeshot. A very sour taste, indeed, had the grapes which I now made the French swallow. But who knows what the upshot would have been if the Prussians had not arrived?

"By the aid of the Prussians we hurled the French from the field, and the battle was won. Once more I went to Paris, and once more to England. With much eagerness and impatience I waited to receive the reward of my vaunted bravery. But I waited in vain. I suppose there must have been some whisper about the two-shillings'-worth of rum. At all events I was dismissed very coolly—almost contemptuously—without either praise or money. If I had got the money, I could have dispensed with the praise. When I came home, I found that our old elector had retired to his dominions. I had again to be a soldier, and, like my comrades, I wore a false pigtail, not having a natural one. On leaving the army I was appointed commandant of the swine in our village. This is in truth a military office, Herr Amtmann, but I cannot accustom the abominable brutes to obedience. They disobey orders in the most insolent manner—and I sometimes console myself with a drop of schnapps, especially since my serjeant-major, my good dog, was shot dead for indulging too freely his taste for the chase. With my dog's recreations I was not disposed to interfere, deeming them harmless, but the foolish blockhead of a gamekeeper was of a different opinion."

The Amtmann laughed.

"But, Herr Amtmann," continued the brave artilleryman; "why have you come to question me?"

"Do not be alarmed," answered the Amtmann; "the conscience of the English has begun to prick them. They either know nothing about the rum, or have forgotten your fondness for schnapps. You are now to receive the reward of your valor."

The face of Herr Hundsfott Saudistel grew bright and glad.

"But you must tell them nothing about the rum, Herr Amtmann," cried the swineherd, with sudden alarm.

The Amtmann promised to be silent. Forthwith he made his report about the discovery of the hero, abstaining from all allusion to the rum. In a short time the Waterloo gold medal and a large sum of money were presented to the Military Guardian of the Swine.

Doubtless, as was natural, Herr Saudistel, aided by good rum, often recalled with glee and gratitude the famous battle, in which, with no small benefit to himself he had so conspicuously figured.

Perchance sometimes, infinitely more notable men than the Hessian swineherd have deserved still less, even than he, the recompenses showered on them for apparent heroism.

WHAT A MESS.—When the man who first nominated Gen. Grant goes to Washington after office, we hope he will meet with a better reception than did the man who nominated Lincoln. "Mr. Lincoln," said that unfortunate individual, "my dear friend, one moment in private!" Then drawing the President aside, he whispered in his ear these startling words: "*Sir, I was the first man to nominate you for the Presidency!*" "Were you?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, starting back with indignation. "Well, sir, see what a mess you have got me into."

THE RED COURT FARM.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DOUBLE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LADIES DISPUTING.

The next matter to be disclosed was the marriage of Isaac. It was not done immediately. As the reader may have surmised, the sole cause for his keeping it secret at all had its rise in the smuggling. So long as they ran cargoes into the vaults of the Red Court Farm, so long did Mr. Thornycroft lay an embargo, or wish to lay it, on his sons marrying. The secret might be no longer safe, he said, if one of them took a wife.

With the departure of Richard the smuggling would end. Without him, Mr. Thornycroft would not care to carry it on: and Isaac felt that *he* could never join in it again, after what it had done for Cyril. There was no need: Mr. Thornycroft's wealth was ample. But some weeks went on before Isaac considered himself at liberty to speak.

For the fact was this: Richard Thornycroft on his departure had extracted a promise from Isaac *not* to disclose particulars until they should hear from him. Isaac gave it readily, supposing he would write before embarking. But the days and the weeks went on, and no letter came: Isaac was at a nonplus, and felt half convinced, in his own mind, that Richard had repented of his determination to absent himself, and would be coming back to Coastdown. With the disclosure of his marriage to the justice, Isaac wished to add another disclosure—that *he* had done with the smuggling for ever; but a fear was upon him that this might lead to a full revelation of the past; and, for Richard's sake, until news should come that he was safe away, Isaac delayed and delayed. His inclination would have been less willing to do this, but for one thing, and that was, that he could not have his wife with him just yet. Mrs. Sam Copp, poor meek Amy, had been seized with a long and dangerous illness. Anna was in close attendance upon her; Mrs. Copp stayed to domineer and superintend; and until she should be better Anna could not leave. Thus the time had gone on, and accident brought about what intention had not.

May was in, and quickly passing. Pretty nearly two months had elapsed since Richard's exit. One bright afternoon when Amy was well enough to sit up at her bedroom window, open to the balmy heath and the sweet breeze from the sparkling sea, Sarah came up and said Mr. Isaac Thornycroft was below. Anna sat with her; the captain and his mother were out.

"May I go down?" asked Anna, with a bright blush.

"I suppose you must, dear," answered Mrs. Sam Copp, with a sigh, given to the long-continued concealment that ever haunted her.

Away went Anna, flying first of all up to her own room to smooth her hair, to see that her pretty muslin dress with its lilac ribbons looked nice. Isaac, under present circumstances, was far more like a lover than a husband: scarcely ever did they see each other alone for an instant. This took her about two minutes, and she went softly down stairs and opened the parlor door.

Isaac was seated with his back to it, on this side the window. Anna, her face in a glow with the freedom of what she was about to do, stepped up, put her hands round his neck from the back, and kissed his hair—kissed it again and again.

"Hallon!" roared out a stern voice.

Away she shrunk, with a startled scream. At the back of the room, having thrown himself on the sofa, tired with his walk, was Captain Copp, his mother beside him. The two minutes had been sufficient time for them to enter. The captain had not felt so confounded since the night of the apparition, and Mrs. Copp's eyes were perfectly round with a broad stare.

"You shameless hussy!" cried the gallant captain, finding his tongue as he advanced. "What on earth—"

But Isaac had risen. Risen, and was taking Anna to his side, holding her up, standing still with calm composure.

"It is all right, Captain Copp. Pardon me. Anna is my wife."

"Your—what?" roared the captain, really not hearing in his flurry.

"Anna has been my wife since last November. And I hope," Isaac added, with a quiet laugh, partly of vexation, partly of amusement, "that you will give me credit for self-sacrifice and infinite patience in letting her remain here."

Anna, crying silently in her distress and shame, had turned to him, and was hiding her face on his arm. A minute or two sufficed for the explanation Isaac gave. Its truth could not be doubted, and he finished by calling her a little goose, and bidding her look up. Captain Copp felt uncertain whether to storm or to take it quietly. Meanwhile, he sat down rather humbly, and joined Mrs. Copp in staring.

"A ghost one week; a private marriage the next! I say, mother, I wish I was among the pirates again!"

This discovery decided the question in Isaac's mind, and he went straight to the Red Court to seek a private interview with his father. But he told only of the marriage: leaving other matters to the future. Rather to his surprise, it was well received: Mr. Thornycroft did not say a harsh word.

"Be it so, Isaac. Of business I am thinking we shall do no more. And if I am to be deprived of two of my sons—as appears only too probable—it is well that the third should marry. As to Anna, she is a sweet girl, and I've nothing to say against her, except her want of money. I suppose you considered that you will possess enough for both."

"We shall have enough for comfort, sir."

"And for something else. Go and bring her home here at once, Isaac."

But to this, upon consideration, was raised a decided objection at Captain Copp's. What would the gossips say? Isaac thought of a better plan. He wanted to run up to London for a few days, and would take his wife with him. After their departure, Sarah might be told, who would be safe to go abroad at once and spread the news everywhere: that Miss Chester, under the sanction of her mistress, the captain's wife, had been married in the winter to Isaac Thornycroft.

Mrs. Copp, whose visit had grown to unconscionable length, announced her intention of proceeding with them to London. The captain's wife was quite sufficiently recovered to be left: to use her own glad words, she should "get all well one way," now that the secret was told. So it was arranged, and the captain himself escorted them to Jutpoint.

A gathering at Mrs. Macpherson's. On the day after the arrival in London, that lady had met the three in the crowd at the Royal Academy, and invited them at once to her house in the evening. Isaac, who had seen her once or twice before, introduced Mrs. Copp, and whispered the fact that Anna was no longer Miss Chester, but Mrs. Isaac Thornycroft.

"You'll come early, mind," cried the hospitable wife of the professor. "It's just an ordinary tea-drinking, which is one of the few good things that if the world means to let die out, *I* don't; but there'll be some cold meat with it, if anybody happens to be hungry. The Miss Jupps are coming, and they dine early. Tell your wife, Mr. Thornycroft—bless her sweet face! there's not one to match it in all them frames—that I'll get in some wedding cake."

Isaac laughed. The jostling masses had left him behind with Mrs. Macpherson, who was dressed so intensely high in the fashion, that he rather winced at the glasses directed to them. However, they accepted the invitation, and went to Mrs. Macpherson's in the evening.

Miss Jupp had arrived before them; her sisters were unable to come. She was looking a little more worn than usual, until aroused by the news relating to Anna. Married! and Miss Jupp had been counting the days, as it were, until she should return to them, for they could not get another teacher like her for patience and work.

Ah, yes: Anna's teaching days were over; her star had brightened. As she sat there in her gleaming silk of pearl-gray, in the golden bracelets, Isaac's gift, with the rose blush on her cheeks, the light of love in her sweet eyes, Mary Jupp saw that she had found her true sphere.

"But, my dear child, why should it have been done in secret?" she whispered.

"There were family reasons," answered Anna, "I cannot tell you now."

"Since last November! Dear me! And was the marriage really not known to any one? was it quite a secret?"

"Not quite. One of Isaac's brothers was present in the church to give me away, and Captain Copp's wife knew of it."

"Ah, then you are not to be blamed; I am glad to hear that," sighed Mary Jupp.

"And now tell me, how is my dear Miss Thornycroft?" cried Mrs. Macpherson, as the good professor, in his threadbare coat (rather worse than usual) beguiled Isaac away to his laboratory. "I declare I have not yet asked after her."

Had Mrs. Macpherson been strictly candid, she might have acknowledged to having purposely abstained from asking before Isaac. The fact of the young lady's having got intimate with Robert Hunter at *her* house, and of its being an acquaintance not likely, as she judged, to be acceptable to the Thornycrofts, had rather lain on her mind.

"She looks wretched," answered Mrs. Copp.

"Wretched?"

"She has fretted all the flesh off her bones. You might draw her through the eye of a needle."

"My patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Macpherson. "The professor 'll be sorry to hear this. What on earth has she fretted over?"

"That horrible business about Robert Hunter," exclaimed Mrs. Copp. "The justice has not looked like himself since; and never will again."

"Oh," returned the professor's lady in a subdued tone, feeling suddenly crestfallen. Conscience whispered that this could only apply to the matter she was thinking of, and that the attachment had arisen through her own imprudence in allowing them to meet. She supposed (to use the expressive words passing through her thoughts) that there had been a blow-up.

"It wasn't no fault of mine," she said, after a pause. "Who was to suspect they were going to fall in love with each other in that foolish fashion? She a school-girl, and he an old widower! A couple of spooneys! Other folks as well as me might have been throwed off their guard."

Since Mrs. Macpherson had mixed in refined society she had learnt to speak tolerably well at collected times and seasons. But when flurried her new ideas and associations forsook her, and she was sure to lapse back to the speech of old days.

"Then there *was* an attachment between him and Mary Anne Thornycroft!" exclaimed Mrs. Copp, in a tone of triumph. "Didn't I tell you so, Anna? You need not have been so close about it."

"I do not know that there was," replied Anna. "Mary Anne never spoke of it to me."

"Rubbish to speaking of it," said Mrs. Copp. "You didn't speak about you and Mr. Isaac." Anna bent her head in silence.

"And was there a blow-up with her folks?" inquired Mrs. Macpherson, not quite courageously yet. "Miss Jupp! *you* remember—I come right off to you with my suspicions at the first moment I had 'em—which was only a day or so before she went home."

"I don't know about that; there might have been or there might not," replied Mrs. Copp, alluding to the question of the "blow-up." "But I have got my eyes about me, and I can see how she grieved after him. Why, if there had been nothing between them, why did she put on mourning?" demanded the captain's mother, looking at the assembled company one by one.

"She put it on for Lady Ellis," said Anna.

"Oh, did she, though! Sarah told me that that mourning was on her back before ever Lady Ellis died. I tell you, I tell you also, ladies, she put on the black for Robert Hunter."

"Who put on black for him?" questioned Mrs. Macpherson, in a puzzle.

"Mary Anne Thornycroft."

"I never heard of such a thing! What did she do that for?"

"Why *do* girls do foolish things?" returned Mrs. Copp. "To show her respect for him, I suppose."

"A funny way of showing it!" cried Mrs. Macpherson. "Robert Hunter is doing very well where he's gone."

Mrs. Copp turned her eyes on the professor's wife with a prolonged stare.

"It is to be hoped he is, ma'am," she retorted, emphatically.

"He is doing so well that his coming back and marrying her wouldn't surprise me in the least. The Thornycrofts won't have no need to set up their backs again him if he can show he is in the way of making his fortune."

"Why, who are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Copp, after a pause and another gaze.

"Of Robert Hunter. He has gone and left us. Perhaps you did not know it, ma'am?"

"Yes, I *did*," said Mrs. Copp, with increased emphasis. "Coastdown has too good cause to know it, unfortunately."

This remark caused Mrs. Macpherson to become meek again.

"I had a note from him this week," she observed. "It come in a letter to the professor: he sent it me up from his laboratory."

The corners of Anna's mouth were gradually lengthening, almost—she could not help the feeling—in a sort of fear. It must be remembered that she knew nothing of the fact that it was not Robert Hunter who had died.

"Perhaps you'll repeat that again, ma'am," said Mrs. Copp, eyeing Mrs. Macpherson in her sternest manner. "You had a note from *him*, Robert Hunter?"

"Yes, I had, ma'am. Writ by himself."

"Where was it written from?"

Mrs. Macpherson hesitated, conscious of her defects in the science of locality.

"The professor would know," she said; "I am not much of a geographer myself. Anyway it come from where he is, somewhere over in t'other hemisphere."

To a lady of Mrs. Copp's extensive travels round the world a dozen times and back again, the words "over in t'other hemisphere," taken in conjunction with Robert Hunter's known death and burial, conveyed the idea that the celestial hemisphere, and not the terrestrial, was alluded to. She became convinced of one of two things: that the speaker before her was awfully profane, or else mad.

"I know the letters were six weeks reaching us," continued Mrs. Macpherson. "I suppose it would take about that time to get here from the place."

Mrs. Copp pushed her chair back in a heat.

"This is the first time I ever came out to drink tea with the insane, and I hope it will be the last," she cried, speaking without reserve, according to her custom. "Ma'am, if you are not a model of profanity, you ought to be in Bedlam."

Mrs. Macpherson wiped her hot face and took out her fan. But she could give as well as take. "It's what I have been thinking of you, ma'am. Do you think *you* are quite right?"

"I right!" screamed Mrs. Copp in a fury. "What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean?—come!—about me?"

"*That's* plain. I never yet heard of a man, who is dead and gone, writing back letters to his friends. Who brings them? How do they come? Do they drop from the skies or come up through the graves?"

"Lawk a mercy!" cried Mrs. Macpherson, not catching the full import of the puzzling questions. "They come through the post."

Mrs. Copp was momentarily silenced. The answer was entirely practical: it was not given to anger; nor, as she confessed to herself, with any indication of insanity. Light dawned upon her mind.

"It's the spirits!" she exclaimed, coming to a sudden conviction. "Well! Before I'd go in for that fashionable rubbish! A woman of any pretension to sense believe in *them!*"

"Hang the spirits!" returned Mrs. Macpherson, with offended emphasis. "I'm not quite such a fool as that. You should hear what the professor says of them. Leastways, not of the spirits, poor innocent things, which is all delusion, but of them there rapping mediums that make believe to call 'em up."

"Then, ma'am, if it's not the spirits you allude to as bringing the letters, perhaps you'll explain to me what does bring them.

"What *should* bring them but the post?"

Mrs. Copp was getting angry.

"The post does not bring letters from dead men."

"I never said it did. Robert Hunter's not dead."

"Robert Hunter *is*."

"Well, I'm sure!" cried Mrs. Macpherson, fanning herself.

"Robert Hunter died last January," persisted Mrs. Copp, in excitement. "His unfortunate body lies under the sod in Coastdown churchyard, and his poor restless spirit hovers above it, frightening the people into fits. My son Sam saw it. Isaac Thornycroft saw it."

"Robert Hunter is not dead," fired Mrs. Macpherson, who came to the conclusion that she was being purposely deceived; "he is gone to the East to make a railroad. Not that I quite know where the East is," acknowledged she, "or how it stands from this. I tell you all, I got a letter from him, and it was writ about six weeks ago."

"If that lady is not mad, I never was so insulted before," cried Mrs. Copp. "I—"

"There must be some mistake," interposed Mary Jupp, who had listened in great surprise. Of herself she could not solve the questions, and knew nothing of the movements of Mr. Hunter. But she thought if he were dead, that she should have heard of it from his sister Susan. "Perhaps it only requires a word of explanation."

"I don't know what explanation it can require," retorted Mrs. Copp. "The man is dead and buried."

"The man is not," contended Mrs. Macpherson; "he is alive and kicking, and laying down a railroad."

"My son, Captain Copp, was a mourner at his funeral."

"He wrote me a letter six weeks ago, and he wrote one to the professor; and he said he was getting on like a house on fire," doggedly asserted the professor's wife.

"Stay, stay, I pray you," interposed Miss Jupp. "There must be some misunderstanding. You cannot be speaking of the same man."

"We are!" raved both the ladies, losing temper. "It is Robert Hunter, the engineer, who met Mary Anne Thornycroft at my house; and the two—as I suspected—fell in love with each other, which made me very mad."

"And came down to see her at Coastdown, and Susan Hunter was to have come with him, and didn't. Of course we are speaking of the same."

"And I say that he come back from that visit safe and sound, and was in London till April, when he went abroad," screamed Mrs. Macpherson. "He dined here with us the Sunday afore he was off; we had a lovely piece o' the belly o' salmon, and a quarter o' lamb, and spring cabbage, and rhubub tart, and custards, and a bottle of champagne, that we might drink success to his journey. Very down-hearted he seemed, I suppose at the thought of going away; and the next day he started. There! Ask the professor, ma'am; and contradict it if you can."

"I won't contradict it," said Mrs. Copp; "I might set on and swear if I did, like my son Sam. You'll persuade me next there's nothing real in the world. Anna Chester—that is, Anna Thornycroft—do you tell what you know. Perhaps they'll hear you."

"Oh, I'll hear the young lady," said Mrs. Macpherson, fanning herself violently; "but nobody can't persuade me that black's white."

Anna quietly related facts, so far as her knowledge extended: Robert Hunter had come to Coastdown, had paid his visit to the Red Court Farm, and on the very night he was to have left for London, he was shot as he stood at the edge of the cliffs, fell over, and was not found until the morning—dead!

Her calm manner, impressive in its truth, her minute relation of particulars, her unqualified assertion that it was Robert Hunter, and could have been no one else, staggered Mrs. Macpherson.

"And he was shot down dead, you say?" cried that lady, dropping the fan, and opening her mouth very wide.

"He must have died at the moment he was shot. It was not discovered"—here her voice faltered a little—"who shot him? and the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or person unknown."

"Was there a inquest?" demanded the astonished Mrs. Macpherson, "on Robert Hunter?"

"Certainly there was. He was buried subsequently in Coastdown churchyard. His grave lies in the east corner of it, near Mrs. Thornycroft's."

"Now you have not told all the truth, Anna," burst forth Mrs. Copp, who had been restraining herself with difficulty. "You are always shuffling out of that part of the story when you can. Why don't you say that you and Miss Thornycroft saw him murdered? Tell it as you had to tell it before the coroner."

"It is true," acknowledged Anna.

"And Miss Thornycroft put on mourning for him, making believe it was for Lady Ellis, who died close upon it," cried Mrs. Copp, too impatient to allow Anna to continue. "And the worst is, that he can't rest in his grave, poor fellow, but hovers atop of it night after night, so that Coastdown dare not go by the churchyard, and the folks have made a way right across the heath to avoid it, breaking through two hedges and a stone fence that belongs to Lord What's-his-name—who's safe, it's said, to indict the parish for trespass. Scores of folks saw the ghost. Anna saw it. My son Sam saw it, and he's not one to be taken in by a ghost; though he did think once he saw a mermaid, and will die, poor fellow, in the belief. Robert Hunter not dead, indeed! He was barbarously murdered, ma'am."

"It is the most astounding tale I ever heard," cried the bewildered Mrs. Macpherson. "What was the ghost like?"

"Like himself, ma'am. Perhaps you knew a coat he had? An ugly white thing garnished with black fur?"

"I had only too good cause to know it!" shrieked out Mrs. Macpherson, aroused at the mention. "That blessed professor of mine bought it and gave it him; was *took in* to buy it. He's the greatest duffer in everyday life that ever stood upright."

"Then it always appeared in that coat. For that was what he had on when he was murdered."

"Well, I never! I shall think we are in the world of departed spirits next. This beats table-rappings. Why, he brought that very coat on his arm when he came on the Sunday to dine with us! The nights were cold again."

"And the real veritable coat has been lying ever since at the public-house where he was carried to. It's there now, stiff in its folds," eagerly avowed Mrs. Copp. "Ma'am, what you saw at your house here must have been a vision—himself and the coat too."

Mrs. Macpherson began to doubt her own identity. The second coat never crossed her mind. It happened that she had not looked into the lumber closet after it, and could have been upon her oath, if asked, that it was there still. Her hot face assumed a strange look of dubious bewilderment.

"It never surely could have been his ghost that came here and dined with us!" debated she. "Ghosts don't eat salmon and drink champagne."

"I don't know what they might do if put to it," cried Mrs. Copp, sharply. "One thing you may rely upon, man—that it was not himself."

"The professor doesn't believe in ghosts. He says there is no such things. I'm free to confess that I've never seen any."

"Neither did I believe before this," said Mrs. Copp. "But one has to bend to the evidence of one's senses."

How the argument would have ended, and what they might have brought it to, cannot be divined. Miss Jupp had sat in simple astonishment. That Robert Hunter had died and been buried at Coastdown in January, and that Robert Hunter had dined in that very house in April, appeared absolutely indisputable. It was certainly far more marvellous than any feat yet accomplished by the "spirits." But Isaac Thornycroft solved it.

He came in alone, saying the professor was staying behind to finish some experiment. Upon which the professor's wife went to see, for she did not approve of experiments when there was company to entertain. Mrs. Copp immediately began to recount what had passed, making comments of her own.

"I have come across many a bum-boat woman in my day, Mr. Isaac, and I thought they capped the world for impudent obstinacy, for they'll call black white to the face of a whole crew. But Mrs. Mac beats 'em. Perhaps you will add your testimony to mine—that Robert Hunter is dead and buried. Miss Jupp here is not knowing what to think or believe."

Isaac Thornycroft hesitated. He went and stood on the heart-rug in his black clothes. His face was grave; his manner betrayed some agitation.

"Mrs. Copp, will you pardon me if I ask you generously to dismiss that topic; at least for to-night?"

"What on earth for?" was the answer of Mrs. Copp.

"The subject was, and is, and always will be productive of the utmost pain to my family. We should be thankful to let all remembrance of it die out of men's minds."

"Now I tell you what it is, Mr. Isaac; you are thinking of your brother Cyril. Of course as long as he stays away, he'll be suspected of the murder, but I've not said so—"

"Be silent, I pray you," interrupted Isaac, in a tone of sharp pain. "Hear me, while I clear your mind from any suspicion of that kind. By all my hope of heaven—by all *our* hope," he added, lifting solemnly his right hand, "my brother Cyril was innocent."

"Well, we'll let that pass," said Mrs. Copp, with a sniff. "Many a pistol has gone off by accident before now, and small blame to the owners of it. Perhaps you'll be good enough to bear me out to Miss Jupp that Robert Hunter was shot dead."

Isaac paced the room. Mrs. Macpherson had come in and was listening; the professor halted at the door. Better satisfy them once for all, or there could be no end to it.

"It came to our knowledge afterwards—long afterwards—that it was not Robert Hunter," said Isaac, with slow distinctness. "The mistake arose from the face not having been recognisable. Hunter is alive and well."

"The saints preserve us!" cried Mrs. Copp in her discomfiture. "Then why did his ghost appear?"

A momentary smile flitted across the face of Isaac.

"I suppose—in point of fact—it was not his ghost, Mrs. Copp."

Mrs. Copp's senses were three-parts lost in wonder at the turn things were taking.

"Who then, was shot down? A stranger?"

Isaac raised his handkerchief to his face.

"I dare say it will be known some time. At present it is enough for us that it was not Robert Hunter."

"I know a ghost could never eat salmon!" said Mrs. Macpherson, in a glow of triumph.

"But what about the coat?" burst forth Mrs. Copp, as that portion of the mystery loomed into her recollection. "If that is lying unusable in the stables at the Mermaid, Robert Hunter could not have brought it with him when he came here to dinner."

Clearly. And the ladies looked one at another, half inclined to plunge into war again. The meek professor, possibly afraid of it, spoke up in his mild way from behind, where he had stood and listened in silence.

"Mr. Hunter's coat was to have been sent after him from Coastdown; but it did not come, and I gave him mine. He supposed it must have been lost on the road."

It was the professor's wife's turn now. She could not believe her ears. Give away the other coat—when visions had crossed her mind of having that disreputable fur taken off and decent buttons put on, for his wear the following winter when he went off to the country on his ologies!

"Professor! do you mean to tell me to my face that that coat is not in the lumber-closet up stairs where I put it?"

"Well, my dear, I fear you'd not find it there."

Away went Mrs. Macpherson to the closet, and away went the rest in her wake, anxious to see the drama played out. Isaac Thornycroft alone did not stir; and his wife came back to him. Her face was white and cold, as though she had received a shock.

"Isaac! Isaac! this is frightening me. May I say what I fear?"

He put his hands upon her shoulders and gazed into her eyes as she stood before him, his own full of kindness but of mourning.

"Say as little as you can, my darling. I can't bear much to-night."

"Cyril! It—was—"

"Yes."

"Oh, Cyril! Cyril! could he not be saved?"

His faint cry of anguish echoed here, as he bent his aching brow momentarily upon her shoulder.

"I would have given my own life to save his, Anna. I would give it still to save another the remorse and pain that lie upon him. He put on Hunter's coat that night, the other not wanting it, and was mistaken for him."

"I understand," she murmured. "Oh, what a remorse it must be!"

"Now you know all; but it is for your ear alone," he said, standing before her again and speaking impressively. "From henceforth let it be to us a barred subject, the only one that my dear wife may not mention to me."

She looked an assent from her loving eyes, and sat down again as the company came trooping in, Mrs. Macpherson openly demanding of her husband how long it would be before he learnt common sense, and why he did not cut off his head and give *that* away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DISCLOSING IT TO JUSTICE THORNYCROFT.

Back at Coastdown. Isaac and his wife were staying at the Red Court. Mr. Thornycroft wished them to remain at it altogether; but Isaac doubted. If his sister were to marry, why then he would heartily accede; and Anna could take up her position as its mistress—in anticipation of the period when she would legally be entitled to it. At present he thought it would be better for them to rent a small house near.

Mary Anne had received the news of the marriage with equanimity—not to say apathy. In the dreadful calamities that had overwhelmed her, petty troubles were lost. Cordially indeed did she welcome her brother and his wife home, and hoped they would remain. To be alone there was, as she truly told them, miserable.

A ship letter had been received from Richard, written when he was nearly half way on his voyage. It appeared that he had written on embarking just a word to tell the name of his ship, and whither it was bound, and had sent it on shore by the pilot. Isaac could only suppose that the man had forgotten to post it.

His destination was New Zealand. Some people whom he knew had settled there, he said, and he intended to join them. He should purchase some land and farm it; but he would never again set foot on European soil. He supposed he should get on; and he hoped in time some sort of peace would return to him.

"I would advise your telling my father the whole, if you have not already done so," the letter concluded. "It is right that he should know the truth about Cyril, and that I shall never come home again. Tell him that the remorse lies very heavily upon me; that I would have given my own life ten times over—given it cheerfully—to save my brother's. Had it been any one but a brother, I should not feel it so deeply. I think of myself always as a second Cain. I will write you again when we arrive. Meanwhile, address to me at the post-office, Canterbury. I suppose you will not object to correspond with me. Perhaps my father will write. Tell him I should like it."

Before the arrival of this letter to Isaac, he had been consulting with his sister about the expediency of enlightening their father. His own opinion entirely coincided with Richard's—that it ought to be done. Mr. Thornycroft was in a state of doubt about Cyril; and also as to the duration of Richard's exile, and restlessly curious always in regard to what had led to it.

One balmy June day, when the crop of hay was being got in, Isaac told his father. They were leaning upon a gate in the four-acre mead, watching the haymakers, who were piling the hay into cocks at the farther end of the field.

Mr. Thornycroft was like a man stunned.

"Hunter not dead! Cyril lying there, and not Hunter! It can't *be*, Isaac!"

Isaac repeated the facts again, and then went into details. He concluded by showing Richard's last letter.

"Poor Dicky! Poor Dicky!" cried the justice, melted to compassion. "Yes, as you say, Isaac, Cyril is in a happier place than this—gone to his rest. And Dick—Dick sent him there in cruelty. I think I'll go in if you'll give me your arm."

Wonderingly Isaac obeyed. Never had the strong, upright Justice Thornycroft sought or needed support from any one. The news must have shaken him terribly. Isaac went with him across the fields, and saw him shut himself in his room.

"Have you been telling him?" whispered Mary Anne.

"Yes."

"And how has he borne it? Why did he lean upon you in coming in?"

"He seemed to bear it exceedingly well. But it must have had a far deeper effect upon him than I thought, or he would not have asked for my arm."

Mary Anne Thornycroft sighed. A little pain, more or less, seemed to her as nothing.

On the following morning Mr. Thornycroft sent for his son. Isaac found him seated before his portable desk; some papers upon it. The crisis of affairs had prompted the justice to disclose certain facts to his children, that otherwise never might have been disclosed. Richard Thornycroft was not his own son, though he had been treated as such. Isaac listened in utter amazement. Of all the strange things that had lately fallen upon them, this appeared to him to be the strangest.

"I have been writing to Richard," said Mr. Thornycroft, taking up some closely-written pages. "You can read it; it will save me going over the details to you."

Isaac took the letter, and read it through. But his senses were confused, and it was not very clear to him.

"It seems that I cannot understand it now, sir."

"Not understand it?" repeated the justice, with a touch of his old heat. "It is plain enough to be understood. When my father died, he left this place, the Red Court Farm, to my elder brother, your Uncle Richard—whom you never knew. A short while afterwards, Richard met with an accident in France, and I went over with my wife, to whom I was just married. We found him also with a wife, which surprised me, for he had never said anything of it; she was a pretty little Frenchwoman; and their child, a boy, was a year old. Richard, poor fellow, was dying, and of course I thought my chance of inheriting the Red Court was gone—that he would naturally leave it to his little son. But he took an opportunity of telling me that he had left it to me; the only proviso attached to it being that I should bring up the boy as my son. He talked with me further: things that I cannot go into now: and I promised. That is how the Red Court came to me."

"But why should he have done this, sir?" interrupted Isaac, who liked justice better than wrong. "The little boy had a right to it."

"No," said Mr. Thornycroft, quietly. "Richard had not married his mother."

Isaac saw now. There was a pause.

"He said if time could come over again he would have married her, or else not have taken her. He was dying, you see, Isaac, and right and wrong array themselves in very distinct colors then. Anyway, it was too late now, whatever his repentance; and he prayed me and my wife to take the boy and not let it be known, for the child's own sake, that he was not ours. We both promised; at a moment like that, one could not foresee inconveniences that might arise later, and it almost seemed as if we owed the compliance, in gratitude for the bequethal of the Red Court Farm. He died, and we brought the boy with us to London—he who has been looked upon as your brother Richard. When people here used to say that he was more like his Uncle Richard than his father Harry, my wife would glance at me with a smile."

"And his mother?"

"She died in France, shortly afterwards. She had parted with the boy readily—glad to find he would have so good a home. Had she lived, the probabilities are that the secret could not have been kept."

"Did you intend to keep it always, father?"

"Until my death. Every year as they went on, gave less chance of our disclosing it. When you were all little, my wife and I had many a serious consultation; for the future seemed to be open to some difficulty; but we loved the boy, and neither of us had courage to say, He is not ours; he has no legitimate inheritance. Besides, as your mother would say to me, there was always our promise. It must have been disclosed at my death, at least to Richard, to explain why you, and not he, came into the Red Court."

"Perhaps his father, my Uncle Richard, expected it would be left to him?"

"No, Isaac. We talked of that. Only in the event of my having no children of my own would the property have become his. Richard will take his share as one of my younger children. *You* are the eldest. I shall at once settle this money upon him; you have read to that effect in the letter; so that he will have enough for comfort whatever part of the world he may choose to remain in."

Isaac mechanically cast his eyes on the letter, still in his hand.

"I have disclosed these facts to him now for his own comfort," resumed Mr. Thornycroft. "It may bring him a ray of it to find Cyril was not his brother."

Isaac thought it would. He folded the letter and returned it to his father.

"There is one thing I wished to ask you, sir, and I may as well ask it now. You do not, I presume, think of running more cargoes."

"Never again," said Mr. Thornycroft. "Richard was the right hand of it, and he is gone. That's over forever. But for him it would have been given up before. And there's Kyne besides."

Isaac nodded, glad to have the matter set at rest.

"May I tell Mary Anne what you have disclosed to me?"

"Yes, but no one else. She may be glad to hear Richard is not her brother."

How glad, the justice little thought. It seemed to Mary Anne as if this news removed the embargo she had self-imposed upon her marriage with Robert Hunter. Perhaps she had already begun to question the necessity of it—to think it a very utopian, severe decision. In the revulsion of feeling that came over her, she laid her head down on Isaac's shoulder with a burst of tears, and told him all. Isaac smiled.

"You must tell him that you have relented, Mary Anne."

"He will not be back for five years."

"He will be back in less than five months; perhaps in five weeks."

She sat upright, staring at him.

"Isaac!"

"He will, indeed. Anna had a letter from him yesterday. It came to Miss Jupp's, addressed to 'Miss Chester.' Business matters are bringing him home for a short while; personal things, he says, that only himself can do. I wonder if he wrote to her in the hope that the information would penetrate to Coastdown?"

She sat in silence, her color going and coming, rather shrinking from the merriment in Isaac's eye. Oh, would it be so?—would it be so?

"In that case—I mean, should circumstances bring him again to the Red Court Farm—we shall have to disclose publicly the truth about Cyril, Mary Anne. As well that it should be so, and then a tombstone can be put. But it can wait yet."

As she sat there, looking out on the sparkling sea, a prevision came over her that this happiness might really come to her at last, and a sobbing sigh of thankfulness went up to heaven.

Coastdown went on in its ordinary quiet routine. The mysteries of the Red Court Farm were at an end, never again to be enacted. Long and perseveringly did Mr. Superintendent Kyne look out for the smugglers; many and many a night did he exercise his eyes and his patience on the edge of that bleak plateau; but they came no more. Old Mr. Thornycroft, deprived, he hardly knew how, of his sons, lived on at the Red Court, feeling at times a vacancy of pursuit; he had loved adventure, and his occupation was gone. But the land got a better chance of being tilled to perfection now than it had ever been.

Meanwhile the whole neighborhood remained under a clear and immutable persuasion that the ghost still "walked" in the churchyard. The new right of road had come to a hot dispute; but Coastdown persisted in using it after nightfall, to avoid the graves and their ominous visitor. While Captain Copp, taking his glass in the parlor at the Mermaid, did not fail to descant upon the marvels of that night, when he and that woman-servant of his, who (he would add in a parenthesis) was undaunted enough for a she-pirate, saw with their own eyes the spirit of Robert Hunter. And then the parlor would fall into a discussion of the love of roving inherent in the young Thornycrofts—Cyril lingering away still; Richard also—perhaps gone to look after him; and speculate upon how long it would be before they returned, and the glorious dinners were resumed at the Red Court Farm.

THE END.

PEN'S LOVE AFFAIR:

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

"I tell you what 'tis, Pen, you've just fallen in luck's way—that's where it is."

I had spent the evening with him; we had supped. Pennel Crossley, my old schoolfellow, the dunderheadest boy in the school, without a shilling's-worth of brains, or sixpence-worth of expectations, had, somehow or other, managed to make a good match a year ago, on the strength of which he had just taken the Manor-house in our little village of Copseford, and settled down in dignified ease as a country "squire," with a four-wheeler of his own; whilst I, who used to write half his exercises for him, was still working hard for a living, and trudging it on foot. I didn't grudge him his prosperity, but I wanted him at least to admit that it came through no effort of his own—that it was, in fact, nothing but luck.

"Luck!" cried Crossley, a little contemptuously, I thought—"luck! do you say? Look you here, my good fellow; my luck is just this: it is *all my eye*—that's what my luck is."

"Nonsense," I retorted. "Do you mean to tell me that you've worked for the money you spend in paying for this place? Do you mean to say that your gold is the fruit of your brains or your hands? That it is good money, warm from the sweat of your brow, or that—"

"Now, don't," he interrupted, "don't I tell you it's all my eye?"

"It's not all my eye," I continued, "if you—"

"Hush! I didn't say 'twas all your eye; I said it was all *mine*. Look at me."

I looked at him. I saw through the wreathing clouds of smoke with which he surrounded himself, a great tall, handsome, hulking fellow, with close, curly hair, like a Roman gladiator, and a pair of very handsome eyes, a little constrained, perhaps, in their expression, partly, as I judged from school antecedents, because he hadn't much to express, and partly from his being a little far-sighted. I knew he could not see objects close to him without peculiar spectacles.

"You don't see anything wrong about me, then?" he asked, when I had concluded my scrutiny.

No, I didn't. He was toying with a lead-pencil which was in his hand when he asked the question.

"Nor yet now?" and he deliberately took the lead-pencil, and tapped it against his left eye—right on the eyeball—and played a little tattoo upon it. "Nor yet now?" he said.

"Pen, what *do* you mean?" I cried, aghast.

"Just this: I tell you it's all my eye. It's only a glass one, but a capital bit of window-glass it is—as good as most window-glass you'll find in London—too dark to see through, but it keeps the draught out." And he turned away for a minute, whisked his eye out, wiped it with his handkerchief, and then, covering up his sightless cavity, brought the eye to me to examine. It was so thin one could blow it away with a breath, and it looked like a fragile shell of porcelain.

"This is my luck," he said, when he had inserted his eye again. "It is my eye—all my eye—and nothing else. If you want to know how, just light up another Manilla, and listen."

"But which is the artificial eye?" I asked, for I declare I could not tell as I looked at him.

"Left," said Pen, tapping it affectionately. "'Tisn't bad, eh? There are only three people know it beside yourself—namely, the optician, my father-in-law, and my wife, so I've kept my secret pretty well; and you need not go and tell everybody about Copseford that the new squire has a game eye! Twopenny-worth of gunpowder did it, at school, after you left, so it's no wonder you didn't know. I had loaded a small brass cannon which wouldn't fire; and looking down the muzzle to see why it wouldn't go off, the charge went in, and my eye went out. I left school—blown out of it, as it were; and having recovered from the accident, and had my eye replaced with this very artistic piece of china-ware, I went home to Stepminster, to study medicine under my father. My father, although called Dr. Crossley by courtesy, was not a properly qualified doctor of medicine, he was, strictly speaking, a 'medical man;' but folks in our town were never very particular about what letters a professed surgeon wrote after his name, so long as he could write enough of them. Dr. Crossley was Medical Inspector to the Local Board of Health (unkind persons called him Inspector of Nuisances), and had little or no private practice. It was his idea that I should keep the loss of my eye a profound secret, because he wished gradually to work me into his own position, for which his failing health was rapidly incapacitating him. He had some notion the Board might fancy a man could not 'inspect' enough for the post with one eye. For my part I should have thought a nose the most needful organ for an inspector of nuisances; and I have found one eye quite enough to see through a Board and all their wooden ways. After a few years, I began to relieve my father of his duties, until, though he still nominally held the position of inspector, the whole of the work was done by me. As it was satisfactorily done, the Board made no difficulty about transferring the appointment to me, on my father's retirement, which only shortly preceded his death. One member of the Board in particular complimented me very highly on my assiduity in the discharge of the duties of the office. 'He is only a young man, sir,' he said, addressing the chairman; 'but he has an eye like a hawk.' He was right. I had *an* eye. Such was the energy with which I worked to put down nuisances, that the mere mention of my eye was almost sufficient to get them removed. A person whose neighbor kept pigs in his back-yard had simply to say to that neighbor: 'Look out; the inspector has his eye upon you,' and there was really no need for my interference. Such was the beautiful respect and awe in which the townsfolk held my eye. But not one of them knew the *singular* meaning which attached to being under my eye—not a soul of them knew he was telling the truth by accident.

"Some time before I was appointed inspector, a wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Tredgold, a widower, had settled in Stepminster. Some said he was a retired Liverpool merchant, others that he was a retired London broker. People hardly knew what he was, or where he had come from, or what for. He was not very communicative on these points; but it was agreed that he was rich, and it was indisputable that he had a very pretty only daughter, Laura. He therefore became an object of interest to parents of marriageable young men in Stepminster; whilst Miss Tredgold became a ditto ditto to those young men themselves. The Tredgolds were invited out a good deal. They were not at all proud; they appeared fond of society; they accepted those invitations; and in turn, their hosts became their guests. They were very much liked, I really believe for their own sakes, more than on account of Mr. Tredgold's wealth. Mr. Tredgold was excellent company; he had seen a great deal of the world, could make himself at home in any society, and, what is more, could make every one else feel so too, if not a little too much so at times, for he was somewhat eccentric. As for Laura Tredgold, there could not be two opinions about her; she had the blackest eyes, the prettiest face, and the best fortune of any girl in Stepminster; more, she was known to be good tempered, unassuming, and, in a word, nice.

"Now, although the Tredgolds had been settled for four years in our town, and notwithstanding one after another of the best and most well-to-do of our young gentlemen, young professional men, and young tradesmen had laid continual siege to her heart during that time, Miss Tredgold was still disengaged. She referred all suitors to her father, who professed to be flattered by their attentions, but told each of them, with never-failing affability, 'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future.' This was his continual reply to all applications—'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future;' and he never varied a word, but delivered it with equal good-humor and courtesy in every case.

"Stepminster was puzzled as to what those intentions could be. It was demonstrable that Miss Tredgold was not engaged elsewhere. They never received visitors from a distance; and more than one disappointed suitor ascertained, through his servants, from the Tredgolds' servants, that Miss Tredgold was actually free still.

"I became acquainted with the family through my connection with a private musical society for the practice of vocal and instrumental chamber music. The society had been founded very recently by Mr. Tredgold, himself no mean amateur on the double-bass. We met at members' houses alternately, and managed to spend some of the pleasantest evenings I can call to mind in this way. My own part in the performances was chiefly confined to singing tenor. Laura Tredgold played the piano or organ with real nervous feeling, besides which she had a very respectable soprano voice. My great interest in the study and practice of music led Mr. Tredgold to invite me to his house rather frequently, to try over some of Mendelssohn's trios with Laura and himself, until I became a constant visitor, always welcomed to their home and table.

"It went on like this for a good bit, and the trios frequently came down to duets between Miss Tredgold and me, whilst her father would add a double-bass *obligato* to her piano accompaniment. At last I grew very miserable. I began to feel that I loved Laura Tredgold, and that my position as a miserable one-eyed inspector of nuisances was an insuperable barrier to telling her so, and much less her affable old father rasping away at his double-bass in happy unconsciousness of my feelings. I tried to stifle these feelings, and to look upon our acquaintance simply in the light of a musical one. I am afraid the very effort I made to hide them must have in some way betrayed them to Laura, for I became impressed with a growing conviction that she knew what I felt, and that her own inclinations were at least not unfavorable towards me. I noticed, or thought I did, that when I entered the room a faint blush would overspread her cheek—that she would look round and single out mine from among the other faces at the meetings of the musical society, and that having found it, her eyes would stay restfully and satisfied on mine for a moment—her deep lustrous dark eyes—before turning with greater unconcern upon the rest. And when she parted from me of an evening, I remember how she would raise those eyes to mine with a gentle expression that made me dizzy to think about as I would run out of the house and reflect on my one-eyed-ness. Laura had speaking eyes, as folks say. They were not bashful eyes, but mild and gentle; and when I looked into their depths, they seemed to flash back already a favorable answer to what I longed to, yet dared not, ask. That the longer I reflected on the social inequality between my position and hers, the more resolved I became at least to try my fate, and hear at worst my rejection, will be readily understood by the lad who has read his first love-story. It was not so much this—it was my eye. I dared not tell her, lest, if she rejected me, it should get bruited about Stepminster that the Board had a one-eyed inspector. That would be ruin. It was clear to me I must keep this secret locked up in my own—eyelid. But suppose I should be married with my glass eye, and never tell my wife? I should be found out? There would be an end to all confidence, for I should be a wretched deceiver; and would it not be obtaining a wife and a fortune under false pretences?

"However, candidly, I only expected rejection of my suit, after the experience of so many more eligible young men than myself. And should I, for this, put my eye in any one's power, and lose my place as inspector? No. I would risk keeping the secret, and know my fate first. I could easily tell her afterwards. Excuse my not dwelling on the terms in which I laid bare the state of my feelings to Laura Tredgold. It is neither here nor there to the story.

"'I have loved you, Mr. Crossley,' she said with emotion, 'and only you. I have never loved another. Yet I fear I can never be yours. You do not know—not know,' she continued, sobbing on my shoulder, 'what brought us to Stepminster. No; you don't know. Yet, if you will ask my father, first, for his consent to your suit, and next to tell you what brought us to Stepminster; if his answer to the first is favorable to your desire, and if his answer to the second is satisfactory to your mind, I will be your wife.'

"This seemed queer to me. What did I care what brought them to Stepminster? Absolutely nothing.

"'Whilst we had been talking—Laura and I—the old gentleman had been up-stairs, to rummage out some new trios for our next practice.

"'Lovely things!' said Mr. Tredgold, patting them affectionately.

"'Could I have a little conversation with you, Mr. Tredgold, in private?'

"'Oh, nonsense! Not now. I know what you've got to say—or I guess. That's all my eye, sir,' he said severely: 'we are going to practice now. Oh, they are lovely things!' and he took an enthusiastic rasp at his double-bass. 'We will talk, if you like, after supper, when Laura goes to bed. Now, then—one, two, three.'

"And off we went into chamber music. It was a very constrained affair, after what I knew, and what Laura knew, and what we both judged, I feel sure, that he seemed to know was coming. For three blessed hours we kept this up; then supper came, which I thought never would end. At last, Laura kissed her father, and wishing me good-night, resting her full dark eyes on mine with a new a happier meaning in them, retired.

"'Well, Mr. Crossley,' the old gentleman began, when he heard Laura's footstep die away up the stairs—'well, sir, I expect I know what you have to say. I may as well be candid, and tell you I am not taken by surprise. I have had a good many young men here, and I have observed their attentions to my daughter have naturally resulted in a little conversation with me. I have also watched you, and had no doubt your attentions would result similarly in a few words in private with me. Now, let us have these few words short and to the purpose. You are come to tell me you love my daughter, Laura?'

"This was a most unpromising beginning, certainly. It is very annoying to get the ground cut from under your feet with this bewildering candor.

"'I certainly was about to say, sir, that I love your daughter; that I love her truly and disinterestedly; and that in making this confession, I have not an eye to—'

"'You have *not* an eye to?' echoed Mr. Tredgold, emphasing the "not" in a very unpleasant manner.

"'I mean, sir, I am not in the slightest degree influenced by pecuniary considerations, knowing, though I do, that Miss Tredgold's position is very far above mine, from a pecuniary point of view. In fact, a reflection on this very inequality has for a long time prevented my declaring the state of my feelings to Miss Tredgold herself, notwithstanding I had reason to hope that it would be reciprocated on her part.'

"'Well, sir, I can only say I have other intentions respecting my daughter's future—'

"Mr. Tredgold coughed. The very words. It was all over, I thought.

"'Than pecuniary ones,' the old gentleman added, after a slight pause. 'They are a very one-eyed sort of consideration, sir, after all.'

"I acquiesced, but I wished he would not allude to partial blindness even in that metaphorical manner.

"'But,' Mr. Tredgold continued, 'having seen a good deal of you for some time past, I am not disposed to think you a man influenced by considerations of that kind. Have you mentioned your sentiments to Miss Tredgold? Yes? And they are returned? Yes? In that case you may consider the matter settled, so far as my consent is concerned. I am simply anxious for her happiness. No doubt, you wonder at my ready assent in your case to a suit which I have refused a number of gentlemen in much better positions than your own? I have my own reasons. I do not want money for my daughter. I can give her as much as I think it good for any young pair to have.'

"'What a gem of a father-in-law!' I thought.

"'The fact is, I am a student, sir,' he went on—'a humble one, it is true, of individual character as delineated in the human eye.'

"I began to feel very particularly uncomfortable.

"'At one time I studied phrenology. What is moral character? says the phrenologist. Moral character, he replies, is bumps. I tried nosology. What is the index of intelligence? asks the nosologist. It is your nose. He knows nothing. They are all wrong together. Where do I look to read the moral and perceptive faculties of the human mind?—whither do I turn to seek for infallible indications that my confidence shall not be misplaced? To the eye, sir. The eye is the window of the soul. That is where a man's character is written. Depend upon it, it is all in your eye.'

"Really, this was very disagreeable. I was so perplexed I could not tell what to do. It flashed through my mind that I had better go down on my knees, and at once avow myself a wretched one-eyed impostor, regardless of all consequences to the inspectorship. But this is weakness, I thought. Should I give up the secret of so many years' standing, and lose Laura and the inspectorship at one fell swoop? No. With a powerful effort, I controlled my feelings.

"'I have read your eyes,' said Mr. Tredgold, 'and I must say they impress me with a favorable opinion of the candor and frankness of your disposition.

"What a guilty being I felt!

"'A very favorable opinion, sir. And I will say I have confidence in you. Plainly, I like you; and I would rather have you for a son-in-law than any other young gentleman I know; and I believe you will make Laura a good husband.'

"For very shame, I could hardly find words suitably to express my acknowledgments of his good opinion; but I blurted out something, and the old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me good-night.

"'I don't know if you will think me unduly inquisitive,' I said, 'but I should like to ask you one question before I go.'

"'Not at all. You probably mean as to the amount of the settlement—'

"'No, no,' I interrupted, coloring. 'I assure you that was furthest from my thoughts. It is on a very different subject. Your daughter wished me to ask why you came to Stepminster?'

"Mr. Tredgold looked at me keenly for a moment, then he replied, with some abruptness:

"'Change of air. Good-night.'

"The manner in which he said 'good-night,' did not admit of further conversation.

"Why had Laura insisted on my asking this question? Surely not to elicit such an unsatisfactory piece of information as this. I fancied I heard the old gentleman chuckle to himself, as he shut the street-door on me.

"Could there be any reason worth keeping secret connected with Mr. Tredgold's coming to Stepminster? Had he done anything wrong? Did he want to avoid anything, or anybody? It did not look like it, for he had taken no pains to live a quiet, retiring life in the town. Again, *why* did Laura wish me to know the reason that had brought them here? It mattered nothing to me, that I could see. I loved Laura Tredgold; that was enough for me.

"Then I thought about my eye. Could I tell them, after deceiving them hitherto? The worst of the first step in deception is, it makes the others so easy. I did not see that I could. Besides, surely it was no crime to have a glass eye: it was my misfortune. Why should I go and tell people: 'Look here; this is a glass eye;' when they liked it better for believing it to be real? It would be cruel—heartless. Besides, Laura did not love me for my eye. No; I would not tell her yet, I determined—I would rather she should find it out. Perhaps I would lead her on gently to the discovery, and so break the blow, and be able to say—'La! bless me; what! didn't you know it?' That would be the preferable course.

"When I next saw Laura, she was very eager to know if her father had told me anything about the reason which brought them to settle in Stepminster. I mentioned his reply, and it caused her a good deal of apparent uneasiness.

"'He ought to have told you that, Pen. I don't think I ought to be your wife till you know.'

"I protested my utter indifference to the cause that brought them here, whatever it might be.

"'But, Pen,' she said, plucking at her dress—'oh dear, you ought to know it. I wish I could tell you. I am sure you will regard me with an eye of scorn by-and-by, when you find I have kept something from you.' The tears were coming up in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me.

"No, I said; nothing would ever make me change my opinion of her, as the dearest darling—Well, we will leave the epithets. In fact, as I thought of my secret, which I had not disclosed, it was rather a relief to me that she should *not* tell me why they came to Stepminster. It encouraged and excused me, as it were, for my own reserve. But I would much have preferred, though, she should have said 'eyes of scorn,' instead of *an* eye. Everybody seemed to talk about *an* eye to me in a way which seemed quite personal.

"'Are you sure, Pen, you will forgive me, whatever you learn about me in the future!'

"'Certain,' I said.

"Well, in course of time, we were married. I still maintained my office as inspector. No one ever had such a wife as mine—the best-tempered and most lovable creature, I really believe, in the world. Our congeniality of feeling was something wonderful. Even down to little matters of the most trivial character in likes and dislikes, there was perfect unanimity between us. It may seem a very absurd instance to give of this unanimity, it is so trifling. But I have always had a great antipathy to flies. I very nearly exposed my secret on one occasion before the Board, owing to flies. It was autumn, and a fly had been buzzing about my face, stinging me for a long time whilst reading a Report. Then I missed him; I thought he was gone. Meantime, that fly was intently engaged in my glass eye. It was a wonder the Board never noticed it; if they had, I should have been found out. At home, I have devoted a great deal of my leisure, in the fly-season, to devising traps and poisonous sweetmeats for them—and I have fly-cages in every room. I was almost afraid Laura would think this suspicious; but no, she never did. Her skin is particularly delicate and sensitive. Laura did not like flies; I was glad of that.

"There was one thing, I must say, caused me no little annoyance about Laura. It was only a little thing in itself, and no doubt I ought to have been above feeling hurt at such a trifle. Still, ever so little a thing, when it's in your eye, for instance, as a speck of dust, does cause a great deal of annoyance. With the congeniality of feeling between us, I certainly did feel hurt that Laura should keep her desk constantly and consistently locked from me. I wanted some ink one day. I knew she had some in her desk, and asked for the keys. The way she hustled about to open that desk herself, and the excuses she made to prevent my going to it, were a masterpiece of female diplomacy. It was not that I wanted to go to her desk, so much as that I didn't like being locked away from it. It prayed on my mind when I considered the mutual confidence that should subsist between man and wife. To be sure, I had not told her about my glass eye—that was the only secret I had from Laura—but then she didn't know that, and she at least believed I had withheld nothing whatsoever from her, so that there was no excuse for her withholding anything from me. Another thing to do with the desk was this: Laura had received at least two letters since our marriage, not in female handwriting, which she very artfully cajoled and persuaded me out of wanting to see. I knew they were in the desk. And there was a certain neat little parcel, 'a present,' she said, 'from a friend.' *That* went into the desk too. But why this mystery? A harmless deception on my part was excusable, but I could not bear deception in other people.

"By-and-by, from this very little seed, there grew up a sort of constraint between us, until Laura, observing it, at last threw me her keys, and calling me a 'bad Penny,' (a playful title of reproach,) bade me examine her desk myself, and not be suspicious about nothing. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and wouldn't do it. Then Laura insisted on turning it out before my eyes, and showing me its contents. I would not read the letters, but I saw a little box with a brooch in it, which I much doubted being the same she had received in the packet alluded to. It was all very well her calling me a 'horrid Bluebeard,' but I knew the handwriting on the paper enclosing it was not the same, for I distinctly remembered that writing.

"One day, coming home tired after a fagging morning's work at inspecting, I found my household in great commotion. One of my female domestics was crying, and on my entering the house, she began:

"'Oh, if you please, sir, missus have fell.'

"'Fell? fell?' I asked, in amazement. 'What do you mean, girl?'

"'Fell, sir; fell down-stairs and hurt herself.'

"'Where is she?' I asked, pushing past her to seek my wife.

"'I hope you'll bear up, sir—but missus have gone. Gone, sir—left the house,' the servant added, seeing my look of incredulity. 'I was up-stairs, cleanin' of myself for dinner,' the girl continued, 'when I heard somethin' fall on the stairs, and I heard missus scream. I went and helped her up, for she had fell and hurt her forehead. She when to her room crying very much, and wouldn't let us do nothin' for her. She put on her things, sir, and went out almost directly afterwards, sayin' she had left a note for you, sir. She was sobbin' very much when she left.'

"Seriously agitated about my wife, I ran up-stairs, and found on Laura's dressing-table the following note:

"'DEAREST PEN—Forgive my leaving you thus. I have suffered much from deceiving you so long, but never thought it would come to this. Do not follow me; my peace depends upon it. You will soon know all. My father will know of my going.

LAURA.

"Cool, upon my word. Was this the woman whom I had loved, and cherished, and adored, and kept no secret from?—that is, nothing worth mentioning—to go and own to a systematic course of deception? And her father a base accomplice too! he knew of her going. Clasping my hands frantically to my forehead, 'Oh, woman, woman! look upon the wreck you have made!" I exclaimed. The emotion was too powerful, for my glass eye fell out with the force of the blow, and shivered itself to fragments at my feet. On second thoughts, I was glad she could *not* look upon the wreck she had made.

"Yet, could I believe Laura false? Then the demon of jealousy whispered to me about the letters, and the 'present from a friend.' I hardly dared to think about the agitation she had invariably betrayed when I had referred to this subject. At least, I would go to her father, Mr. Tredgold—go and wring the truth from him, deceitful imposter that he was—and know the worst.

"But stay. It was utterly impossible to go as I was—without my eye. I had been accustomed to keep a spare eye against emergencies in my desk at the inspector's office. I had broken that a month ago, and though I had written for a new one to be addressed to the office, it had not yet arrived. Delay was agonizing; but I could certainly do nothing till I had been to London and got my vision repaired.

"Holding my handkerchief to my face, I set off immediately to the railway station, telling all the inquiring friends who stopped me, that something had blown in my eye, (this was no fib, for gunpowder had, years before.) Arrived there, I eagerly inquired if my wife had been seen to leave. She had, the station-master told me; she had in fact left by the previous train, with a ticket for London—apparently much distressed in mind—dressed in travelling costume, with a thick, black veil on. Evidently for the purpose of avoiding recognition as much as possible, I decided. I was therefore on the very road to overtake her, while, as my train was express, I should be in London within an hour of the time at which she could arrive.

"On reaching London, after a few unsuccessful inquiries at the Waterloo terminus respecting a lady answering the description I gave, I told a cabman to drive me to Mr. Bernotti's, the optician's in Regent Street.

"'Will you walk into a private room, and wait, sir, for a few minutes? Mr. Bernotti is engaged just now.'

"However, presently, Mr. Bernotti appeared. A pleasant little man, with twinkling eyes, a buoyant disposition, and a cork-leg, which always seemed restive, and not properly broken in—it never went well with the other leg; it was too fast for it; and it appeared to impress the natural leg with a hopeless conviction of inferiority.

"After profuse apologies for keeping me waiting, and several conciliatory flourishes which his cork-leg seemed to get up independently of him, and entirely on its own account, Mr. Bernotti said: 'This is your size, I see by my books—No. 193 Hazel'—taking one from a case of several hundreds—'and a very neat eye it is. Shall I put you up an "off-eye" for spare use? Thank you, sir.—Am I doing pretty well in eyes? Thank you, yes; nothing to complain of.—You would hardly have thought it? No; probably not—few persons would, in fact. You see that the triumph of art is so perfect, one does not really know who has glass eyes and who has not. Scores of people, in every town, wear them who are never suspected of such a thing, the illusion is so perfect. Yours, I am proud to own, is a very successful case. There are others no less so. Among the list of persons who have obtained respectable damages from various railway companies for the loss of an eye, and even pensions from government, I could point out at least a few instances in which the eye so damaged has been one of my make. No one has been the wiser. In fact, only the other day, I was deceived myself. A French gentleman was introduced to me by a friend as requiring an eye. This is his eye, sir—No. 81 Gra. Well, sir, after carefully matching the artificial eye by the real one, I directed his attention to the extreme lightness of our manufacture, and begged him to hold it up to the light and observe its transparency. If you will believe me, sir, that gentleman's other eye, which I took for real, was glass. He was blind as a bat. I never knew it till he told me.

"With renewed apologies, Mr. Bernotti followed his leg, which flourished off, down-stairs. Having wished him good-afternoon, I set out to prosecute my search after my wife.

"I need not detail the particular steps by which I sought to carry out this purpose; but I may state that I drove to every metropolitan railway station, and made most careful inquiries. Next day, after fruitless search, I determined to return to the Waterloo terminus, and endeavor to elicit something which might guide me in fresh investigations. I found waiting for me there a telegram: 'From Mr. Tredgold, Stepminster, to Penuel Crossley, Esq., London.—Come down. It is all right. Laura is here.'

"I was so thankful! But what could she have meant by 'having deceived me,' and 'for long?' I thought, referring to her note. And why should she have written me such a note at all, and aroused such cruel suspicions? There was a good deal to be explained, at anyrate.

"I returned to Stepminster by next train, and hurried off to Mr. Tredgold's. Laura received me at the door in an ecstacy of delight; and I was about putting twenty different questions to her at a time, to know the reason of her singular conduct, when old Mr. Tredgold said: 'Wait a bit. None of that. Just cast your eye this way, Pen, my boy; here's a little bit of a round I want you and Laura to try over with me before I allow a word to be said about this little mystery.—No; I insist,' he said, seeing me about to remonstrate. 'Pleasure first, business afterwards.'

"The cloth was laid for supper, and we sat round the table, a plate in front of each of us, while Mr. Tredgold handed Laura and me the notes of the round, keeping a copy for himself.

"When I had glanced at my copy, I felt ready to sink through the floor with mortification. I could not believe my eyes—eye, I mean.

"'Now then,' cried Mr. Tredgold smartly. 'Laura begins—one, and two, and—'

"Laura began, blushing, and in a voice very unlike her natural one, to sing:

"'Oh! do you know the Glass-eye Man?
Oh! do you know his name?
Who keeps the shop in Regent street,
And goes a little lame?'

"This was terrible; but reflection was out of the question, for Mr. Tredgold, with his stentorian bass, immediately began singing, to the same air, by way of reply:

"'Oh, yes, I know the Glass-eye Man;
Bernotti is his name;
He keeps the shop in Regent street,
And goes a little lame.'

"But the worst was, the terrible proof Mr. Tredgold gave that he really *did* know the Glass-eye man, for he had no sooner finished the verse, than, with a burst of laughter, he took out his own eye—to my terrible surprise, a glass one—and placed it on the plate before him. I was almost stupefied. But in a moment, the old gentleman recovered himself from his chuckles sufficiently to call out: '*Cho*-rus, if you please! In which I very lugubriously joined.

"'Then there's one of us knows the Glass-eye Man,
There's one of us knows his name,
Who keeps the shop in Regent street,
And goes a little lame.'

"'Now,' said my eccentric father-in-law, 'it is my turn.' And he addressed the inquiry to me to the same tune.

"I was forced, very reluctantly, to own, in reply, as he had done, that I certainly did know the individual referred to.

"'Very well, then,' he remarked, when I had finished, 'out with it, can't you?'

"Very furtively I obeyed, and placed my eye on the plate before me. My wife gave a scream of laughter, which much disconcerted me. There we were, two of us—Mr. Tredgold and I—holding our handkerchiefs up to our faces, and contemplating the upturned glance of our eyes from our plates. It was most ludicrously horrible.

"'*Cho*-rus, if you please.'

"Whereupon we stated harmoniously that there were 'two of us' knew the Glass-eye Man.

"I thought we had done.

"'No, no,' said Mr. Tredgold; 'pass the harmony round.'

"It therefore devolved upon me to put the question to my wife: 'Did she know,' &c.

"Before I had finished, the truth flashed across me—sure enough she did.

"With a little terrified cry, she deposited her eye on the plate, and ran out of the room, leaving us to sing the chorus by ourselves, to wit:

"'Then there are three of us know the Glass-eye Man;
Bernotti is his name;
Who keeps the shop in Regent street,
And goes a little lame.'

"In a few minutes, Laura returned with her 'off'-eye inserted in place of the one left in the room. 'You know now why I went to London, Pen. I fell down going up-stairs with my spare eye in my hand, and

the other one falling out, I broke both unfortunately at once. The two letters you were so suspicious about were from Bernotti—so was the box. You might have known he would not have addressed letters to two persons in one house in the same handwriting, on such a private matter, you dear old goose you. But you need not be jealous again, for we will have our eyes down together in future—won't we, dear?"

"'Yes,' said Mr. Tredgold; 'we'll all have our eyes down together, now the mischief is out, and perhaps they'll come cheaper, like that.—But now, Mister Crossley, I'll have a word with you. I'll tell you why we came to Stepminster. Soon after Laura left school, she met with the accident that deprived her of the sight of one eye. When it was replaced with the best imitation we could procure, I began to see there would be plenty of suitors yearning to accept her one eye as a drawback that might be balanced by her money, for everybody knew of her *misfortune* as well as her fortune. I did not care to have Laura wooed under circumstances so disadvantageous to her real merits, so I removed here, where at least there could be no knowledge of her infirmity to prejudice her future. I had no intention that Laura should marry without her husband's knowing the secret as soon as she was honestly loved for her own sake. If I withheld that secret from you, it was your own fault. I was disposed to you from the first, from discovering that *you* had a glass eye; and I gave you every opportunity to own it, even leading the conversation to the subject. You refused. I therefore considered myself justified in strictly forbidding Laura to tell you her secret till I gave her permission.—Thought I, you will both find out the truth by-and-by; but till you do, not a penny of my money shall you touch, Mister Pen, as a penalty for your deception. Now that you understand one another, there is no further reason for your not giving up the one-eyed inspectorship to some man who is better qualified for the office. The next thing is for you and Laura to take a couple of months' holiday, and travel about the country till you cast your *one eyes* upon some comfortable little property where you can make up your minds to settle down in quiet—and you can send me the bill, and then we'll see what else can be done for you.'

"Need I say, we did so—or that, in consequence, here we are.

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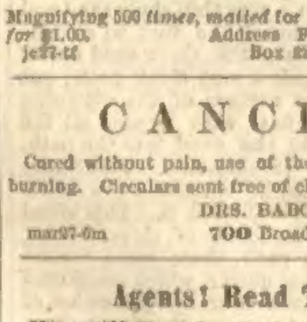

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Health's Delicious Elixir. It is almost worth while to have a touch of Dyspepsia, or a bilious headache, or a twinge of bilious colic, or a feeling of debility, in order to realise the delightful effect of TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. The remedy, as it bubbles in the goblet like champagne, is so pleasant, so refreshing, that it is positive enjoyment to drink it, and as a tonic, evacuant, and anti-bilious preparation, it is far more efficacious than any of the sickening drugs usually prescribed.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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DR. GREGORY has established the truth, that RUPTURES can be permanently cured by the use of his ingenious but effective TRUSS, and the application of his celebrated HERNIA LOTION to the afflicted parts. He gives special attention to this branch of surgery, and a cure is guaranteed without interference with labor or business of any kind. Pamphlets sent for 10 cents, giving full explanations.

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A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY.—Full directions by which any one can easily prepare a certain cure for *DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DEBILITY*, &c., mailed to invalids on receipt of 10 cts. *It has stood the test of over 40 years.* Address Dr. PALMER, Look Box P., Brooklyn, New York. my29-6t

DR. R. A. WILSON'S TONIC, CATHARTIC, Anti-Dyspeptic, and Headache Pills, are the most reliable and useful Pill for what they are recommended, now before the public. They cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Inchriety, Surfeit, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Neuralgia, Costiveness, etc., etc. R. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., No. "707" Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors. Sold by all Druggists. my8-3m

THE
Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.,
Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.
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This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

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One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

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PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
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feb13-1y

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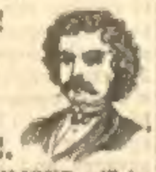

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Address, with stamp, Prof. E. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. my22-3m

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAT. EVE. POST.—ESTEEMED FRIEND.—We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample *free* to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business. For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp.

C. L. VANALLEN & CO.,
my29-13t 171 Broadway, New York.

$1000 to $2000 PER YEAR SURE, And no Risk.

Agents wanted, on commission or to manage, in every part of the U. S and Canadas, to sell our celebrated *Patent Double Wire Clothes Lines*, warranted for last a lifetime and never rust. For full particulars address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 51 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago.

"A Boon to housekeepers."—*Tribune*.—"A Yankee notion."—*N. Y. Tribune*. "All that is claimed for it."—*Independent*.—"Will prove a perfect success."—*N. Y. Independent*. "Will give entire satisfaction."—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

my29 4t

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. ap17-17t

ART OF LOVE.—This book shows how to gain the affections of the opposite sex. Any man or woman can thus win the one they love. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent by mail for 25 cents; 3 for 50 cents; 7 for $1; or $10 per 100. TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. ap10-3m

$1. GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Agents will please cut this out, and send for particulars, to FARMELEE & CO.,
my8-3m 738 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SWEET QUININE — SVAPNIA

SWEET QUININE, *is warranted* equal—dose for dose—to the sulphate (bitter) Quinine, with the important advantage of being sweet instead of bitter.

SVAPNIA, IS OPIUM PURIFIED of its sickening and poisonous properties, it is the most perfect ANODYNE and SOOTHING OPIATE yet discovered.

Sold by druggists, prescribed by best physicians.
STEARNS, FARR & CO., Chemists, New York.

HANEY'S ART OF TRAINING ANIMALS tells all secrets of the most successful trainers, horse breaking, sporting dogs and all animals, all circus trick, snake charming, farm animals, &c. 200 large pages, 60 illustrations, only 50 cts. of booksellers or JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York. Only complete book.

EARTHQUAKE.—Better inducements than ever offered to persons getting up clubs for our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE. Send for new circulars. J. A. SHERBURNE & CO., 59 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

WHOEVER

Will act as agent, either lady or gentleman, can earn in an evening a Web of Sheeting, Silk Dress Pattern, Watch, Carpet, Set of Waverley Novels, &c., &c., or selections from a great variety of other articles, as commissions in our

GREAT SPRING TRADE SALE,

Comprising over 300 different articles. Send for catalogues. PARKER & CO., 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

FOR $100 PER LINE

We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The List includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

$100 CASH FOR ORIGINAL PUZZLES will be given by *Merryman's Monthly*. See present number, of any newsdealer. Four different numbers as samples to new readers, sent, post paid, for 25 cts.—half price. Largest, best and cheapest magazine of its kind. JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York.

$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO Co., N. Y.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
GLOBE FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY,
No. 4 Dey Street, New York.

Great reduction in price. No. 1 $35; No. 2 $40, No. 3 $45. First-class agents wanted. Address as above.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed

Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 3 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS.—Munn & Co., Editors **Scientific American,** 37 Park Row, New York. Twenty-three years' experience in obtaining **AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PATENTS.**

Opinions no charge. A pamphlet, 100 pages of law and information free. Address as above.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are Infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

TRY THE BEST
ONE DOLLAR SALE
IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ If required, agents NEED NOT PAY FOR THE GOODS UNTIL DELIVERED.

Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular.
S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
136 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA.—A lady who had suffered for years from DEAFNESS, CATARRH, and SCROFULA, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. LINCOTT, Hoboken, N. J.

TEN PER CENT.
MICHIGAN BONDS
For sale by A. WILKINS, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 30,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S ADVERTISING AGENCY.

"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazelton (Pa.) Sentinel, Oct. 31, 1867.*

"Whatever is prompt, methodical and straightforward, they practice in their dealings and only that."—*Boston Commonwealth, Nov. 30, 1867.*

"They now probably do the heaviest advertising business in the country."—*Manchester (N. H.) Daily Union, Jan. 25, 1868.*

"Their establishment is perhaps the most extensive in the United States."—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Gloucester, Mass.*

"This firm is now the most substantial business house for advertising in the country."—*American Mining Index, (N. Y.) April 2, 1868.*

"With their reputation they can and do get the lowest and most advantageous terms."—*Mishawaka (Ind.) Enterprise.*

We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
Circular to Advertisers,
SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS,
CONTAINING

A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 new all Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement from one line to one column.

A List of the leading Daily papers in all the large towns and cities of the United States and Canada.

A List of Two Hundred leading Weekly and Monthly publications, with estimates showing the cost of an advertisement or from 5 to 25 lines, from one week to two months.

A List of prominent Advertisers who have patronized this Advertising Agency, and letters showing the opinions of such men concerning the advantages it offers.

Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York.

My Adventure with the Indians.

If there is any human discomfort which is not comprehended in being hauled across the continent by grass-fed oxen in fly-time, I have not rightly studied the wagons, though their occupants may have found one. In a large company of emigrants gathered from several parts of the land there are necessarily many discords of pulling faster and pulling slower; and then the janglings of teamsters, the upsettings, the mirings, the mins, the rivers, the breaks, the startings and stoppings, the ox over the chain and the driver tugging at his tail to pull him back, the lard spilled over your coat, the tent leaking into your ear, the horse stepping in the frying-pan. Good families become as quarrelsome as any in Plautus. I have known a family of grown and intelligent sisters wrangle away a midnight hour over a brother whose little eyes Death seemed already to have touched with his finger—so vexing were the annoyances of a rainy and mud-draggled march.

Then, of all trains on the road, ours was the slowest. If one ox of a hundred limped, the ninety and nine limped with him, and we all limped. Then, too, none but a grass-eating Texan knows how to work by the old rule of three properly. None better than he can solve the following problem:—Given grass, wood, and water, to find the least amount of travelling that can be done.

Still, I had stayed with the train for fear of the Indians. Yet, as day after day went on, and we saw nothing, secret shame for my cowardice was added to my disgust.

So, on the next day I went out with the train a few miles from Tucson, and then walked on alone. A mile or two from the city, the Santa Cruz turns westward through a rank and almost impenetrable chaparral of mezquite and gatun; sinks in the sand; reappears in black boggy banks; and so continues this filtrating and refrigerating bo-peep, until at last it dives under the desert a hundred miles, and is thought to bubble up into the Gila, at Maricopa Well. About ten miles west of Tucson, one turns away from it to the left to go up on the desert, where one finds one's self in a vast pitahaya forest—leafless, so that the eye can travel leagues—a regal emerald colonnade, which proudly rears its capitals as if to pillar up the cope of heaven itself. We are now again on the floor of the great parallelogram which sweeps across westward, from the San Pedro to the Gila, a hundred miles, between the parallel Santa Rita and Santa Catharina Mountains—but is cut diagonally into three or four sections by spurs of hills, which reach a third or half of the way across. The California road runs down along the middle of it, past the point of one of these cross-walls, the Point of Mountain; burst through another, the Picacho; and another, the Gila hills. All these sierras, even the Santa Rita and Santa Catharina, are insignificant for height, or any grandeur—but are of a rich brown or Venetian-red granitic porphyry, which, seen in this magic atmosphere, mellowed by soft lilac haze, is wonderfully beautiful.

When I left the train I brought along a calabash of pinole, some manchets of yellow Arizonian flour, and one of my blankets. Arms had I none, for, like Anacreon, I had no fiercer ambition than to shed the blood of the grape. At first the blanket seemed to me as nothing; but, under the digging rays of an Arizonian noon, it soon became intolerable. A plague upon all blankets in summer! I flung it down, sat down on it, and wiped my forehead. Again I took it up, sweat under it for a while, then flung it away forever.

At night I slept under the boughs of a gatun, near the base of the Picacho—the very nest-egg of massacre. Ignorant of danger as I was, I slept that night a large and lordly sleep, with North America for my bed, for my pillow Arizona, and for my blanket the great blue heaven. Oh, it is worth a century of dull, thick-crammed years to lie down alone in a mighty land, and at midnight look up to the multitudes of heaven, where they roam in the measureless void! To fling off one's airy counterpane in the morning, to sit upon one's bed and behold the gorgeous East, and look face to face at the sun, as he, too, rises, in the greatness of his glory, from his couch in the mountains—this, this is liberty! Arizona is mine. America is my house. The notched top of Picacho is my fender. The universal atmosphere is my chimney. Bring me my coffee and cigars!

Instead thereof I munched a biscuit, and added some cool, crimson prickly-pears, washing it down with dew from rocky goblets in the Picacho. After breakfast I walked on into the pass. There is really no pass, for the plain pours through a mile in width, cutting off two or three miles of the southern end of the range. The whole thing seems done in miniature, yet one walks long mile after mile, up the easy swell of the plain, then between the noble and mighty walls of porphyry, fog-capped in the morning, but all the while on the plain, which is here carpeted with plenteous grass, and sprinkled with charming groves of mesquite, greenwood, gatun, and the columnar pithaya; then, down by a descent as easy and as beautiful, along a sandy avenue winding between the delightfully green parks.

When I got down upon the arid level of the plain, where the bushes were very scant and stunted, I plodded on in the sand without looking much around. Quite suddenly—I cannot think to this day how they got so near, before I noticed them—I saw a band of mounted Tonto Apaches approaching from the right. My blood turned pretty cold, and I felt a faint, swimming sickness; but it was worse than useless to attempt to escape, so I stopped and stood motionless. That pause probably saved my life, for it enabled me to collect my scattered senses, and thinly cloak my very genuine terror under a semblance of audacity. They saw I was wholly in their clutch, and so rode quietly forward. After a few moments, swallowing down my heart with a choking sensation, I advanced to meet the foremost, wreathing my face in what must have been a pretty ghastly hysterical smile, for I dared not show by my voice how I trembled. I handed the chief my calabash, in which I purposely had some sprigs and sticks grotesquely arranged. He took it cautiously, looked at it curiously, smelled it, found it was empty, and dashed it on the ground with a grunt of immeasurable contempt.

Then there came to me a happy thought. All savages are vain. My mirror! my mirror! I handed it to the chief open. He saw before him that face which to most of mankind is the dearest one on earth, his own—a face which for forty years had been to him a blank—and his savage pride was kindled. He gazed at himself with riveted fixedness for many moments, while the others crowded around. He allowed another to match it for a moment; and this, another; and so on—one grinning with a foolish delight, others laughing like children; then the chief snatched it in turn, and screwed his face to his double with unmingled and unabated satisfaction.

All this gave me time, gave me confidence; it gave me a sort of hold upon them. Now, play for your life, I said to myself, like a captured mouse. I began to execute a variety of absurd and ridiculous antics, like a lunatic, as if to express my delight at this happy meeting. Ha! old Copperhead, my lad, give me your hand! I will give you a lock of my hair at parting; but pray you do not take it all! I grasped and shook his hand, and slapped him familiarly on the thigh, as he sat before me on his horse. This seemed to please him, for he smiled a little, but gave most of his attention to the mirror. Then I stroked down my infant beard, and rubbed my hand over his smooth chin, and laughed like a maniac, though I still did not venture to speak. This did not seem to please His Greasy Majesty so well, but he showed no resentment.

After the curiosity over the mirror had a little abated, they began to plunder me; but the chief seemed to be considerably impressed in my favor, and by slowly surrendering up one thing after another—now with a sort of pleased, silly acquiescence, now with solemn and mysterious gestures of remonstrance—I saved my precious notebook. The chief seemed to be in doubt about me, and when he grew a little tired of gazing at the glass, said something which caused them to let me alone. They now turned to ride away, and one of them motioned to me to mount behind him. I would have given a farm for the privilege of not doing so; but it might have been unsafe to decline; so I mounted—but, purposely, got on wrong-side before, with my face turned toward the tail. At this my grim captors were much amused, but they rode briskly away. Will they carry me away captive at last? But, before we rode fifteen minutes, I contrived to make myself so disagreeable to the fellow—now, by urging on his horse; now, by swinging my arms around, and vociferating like a foolish man; now by thumping my back and head against his—that he stopped and made me dismount. To avert the consequences of the anger which I feared might have been aroused, I ran to a horse, opened his mouth, and plucked out his tongue to look for his age, instead of inspecting his teeth. This, too, amused the savages, and seemed to be the last link of evidence which convinced them that I was an incurable fool. They talked a little together, and then, when I shook hands with them, and, with many absurd gestures and grimaces of farewell, turned to go away, to my great joy, they offered no opposition. Only once I considered it necessary to look back, and saw them gathered again around the miracle-working glass, gazing at themselves with an insatiable curiosity.—*Overland Monthly.*

Rosy Philistine.—"Ya-as, I discontinued smoking. I found I could do a perceptibly larger amount of work without it!"

Sallow Artist.—"Eh! Gave up smoking for the purpose of doing more work? Well, that's the most extraordinary reason I ever heard! 'Gad! there's no accounting for tastes!"

FOUL WEATHER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

The rain upon the sodden grass
  Is beating, beating, wearily
Gray clouds of mist, like phantoms, pass,
  And the salt, wet winds wail drearily.
And it brings to me, from the shore afar,
The dirge of the surf on the outer bar.

My heart, within my fevered breast,
  Is beating, beating wearily,
And memory, with a sad unrest,
  Wails through its chambers drearily,
Till I almost wish that the surf afar
Were singing my dirge on the outer bar.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Apt Quotations.

A good instance of epigrammatic quotation is recorded of Hamilton Reynolds, well known as possessing, among other acquirements, an exceptionably great acquaintance with Shakspeare's works. He was present at the Gore House, one evening, among a number of distinguished men, and as the Countess of Blessington saw him to the door on his departure, she said, "I understand, Mr. Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation of being able to give a Shakspearean *mot* suitable to every occasion. Come, what have you to say now?" "Madame," replied Reynolds, "I take my leave

'Under the shade of melancholy *boughs*.'"

He *bowed* profoundly as he spoke, and went.

The very happiest quotation on record is recalled to mind by the death of Lord Brougham. In the trial of Queen Caroline it was a curious and significant fact that no prosecutor appeared, and it became most important to show that the king was the real plaintiff. Questions to witnesses bearing on that point were objected to, and Brougham, in a memorable outburst, indignantly protested against this, urging that, for all he could tell, the prosecution might suddenly vanish into thin air, since he knew not under what shape it existed—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had
  none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb—
Or substance might be called that shadow
  seemed:
For each seemed either—what seem'd his
  head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

The effect of this quotation, apparently so spontaneously conjured up in the memory of the speaker, yet so singularly apposite, was electrical.

Schedule of a Bankrupt Chinaman.

A Chinese named Ah Sam, who kept the "Lord Nelson Restaurant," in Victoria, Vancouver Island, became bankrupt, and was ordered to file a schedule of his assets. Not knowing the names of his customers, he had entered a short description of them in his ledger, and when he entered the court he had nothing more than the following to show:

	dols.	ct.
A butcher owes,	18	
Captain of a schooner,	50	
Red shirt man,	27	
Man comes late (a printer,)	10	
Whiskers man,	18	37½
Whiskers man's friend,	6	25
Double Blanket man,	6	50
Little short man,	10	
Double blanket man's friend,	15	
Lame leg man,	40	
Fat man,	9	25
Red whiskers,	7	50
Indian Ya,	4	62½
Dick make coal shoveler,	28	
Yea Yap Earings,	25	
Flower pantaloon man,	16	
Get-tight man,	7	

The last entry, the commissioner decided, was of much too general a character to allow of the slightest hope of fixing the debt upon any one in particular.

A Marriage Maker.

When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words, "With the author's compliments."

Four Days' Deliberation.

In one of the old Dutch settlements of Mohawk Valley, a very honest old farmer of the Little Four Corners was elected Justice of the Peace. It was not supposed that Squire V. had amassed much legal learning, but he was quite noted for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness—indeed, a blunt Duchman, whose heart never erred, but whose head had very little connection with it in the administration of his official functions. It happened that his first case was quite hotly contested by lawyers on both sides. They summed it up elaborately, and after they got through quoting from "Cowen's Treatise," the bar-room of the hotel (his office) being crowded with eager spectators, to hear the first decision of the new Justice, the old man deliberately folded up his docket, put it under his arm, lit his pipe, and said:

"Vell, shentlemen, I shall take four days to decide, but shall effentually find shugement for de plaintiff."

☞ A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to another editor similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

☞ The difference between an American and an African wilderness is, that one is full of black bears, and the other of bare blacks.

AGRICULTURAL.

Teams for the Farm.

The question is occasionally raised as to whether horses or oxen are the most valuable for farm labor, but like the one about "Billy Patterson," it remains an open one for the very good reason that it admits of no exact solution. For some kinds of work on the farm horses may be best; for others, oxen. In either case much will depend on the fact whether or not the animals are properly trained or broken to the work required. As a general thing a span of horses will plough over more ground in a day than a yoke of oxen because they walk faster—yet occasional exceptions to this occur. We remember to have aided in turning over a fallow of twenty-five acres in which a span of horses and a yoke of oxen were employed. It was decided to test their relative capacity for the work—both teams being allowed their natural gait. Equal sections of land were assigned to both teams, and the oxen came out invariably a little ahead—gaining time at each turning of the corners. They were then tried on the same lands for a day, with no marked advantage on either side. These oxen were broke to the work; held their heads well up and marched along with a steady, stately step. In this particular instance the oxen were better for ploughing than the horses, for the simple reason that performing equal work, they cost less for keeping, and were more readily prepared for labor.

When the field of operations is at any considerable distance from the barn or pasture, the horse would have the advantage in it. As a general thing, the summer season through, horses can do more work than oxen for this reason, if no other, they can stand the heat better. Both are important on a considerable farm, and if the ox is found to be worth the most when age suspends labor, the horse will have made up the difference by the celerity of his movements, and the more diversified uses for which his labor has been made available. Both are good in their places, and no extensive farmer is properly equipped for business who is destitute of either.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Model "Scare Crows."

About twenty years ago, at the Birmingham Queen's Cottage Industrial Exhibition, was exhibited an apparatus called a bird-scare. It was to be fixed on an iron rod in the middle of a field, and then wound up like a clock, when it would go for a certain number of hours; the said go being a loud report like the discharge of a gun, at intervals of a minute. I saw and heard it in working, and it was sufficiently terrifying to one's nerves. But I was told that, practically, it was a failure; and that the crows were only alarmed at it during the first hour, after which, finding that its regularly-recurring report did them no harm, they prosecuted their researches for food within its near neighborhood. But, elsewhere, I saw another description of a bird-scarer, used by a farmer of intelligence and skill. Strong sticks, about eighteen inches high, were fixed all over the field, and at such distances that strings could be passed tightly from one to the other. On these strings, every here and there, were tied dangling pieces of tin—the sweepings of a tin manufactory, and bought for a mere trifle—which not only swung and jingled, but also flashed back the light. This plan is often adopted in gardens, and the farmer had merely extended it when he took it in his thirty acre field. He told me that he had used it for several seasons with the greatest success, and that there was no plan that could surpass it for scaring the birds. It had also the merit of cheapness—did not take a man or a boy from other work, and was no nuisance to the neighbors in yellings, clappings, and blunderbuss discharges. Can any one suggest a better invention as a bird-scarer? My gardener pronounces the secret of its success to lie in the stretched strings, which the suspicious birds take for a net; but I imagine that the flashing of the light has more to do with frightening them. Any way, the plan answers.—*Once a Week.*

Salt for Manure.

The use of salt for manure is increasing in a most rapid way in England. People are beginning to find out that from one-fourth to one-third of the special agricultural manures sold, consists of salt, and many have used salt to the extent, in the field, of twelve hundred weight per acre, and in the garden to even a greater extent, and always with benefit. The refuse salt at the Goodrich Salt Wells is being used, and we are assured with the best results, particularly on worn-out land. It now begins to be the opinion of some of our best English agriculturists that want of salt is the cause of the "clover sickness" in land; also that the disease called "finger and toe" in turnips is found to yield to salt. The following fact may be relied on: The writer having to make a path through an old worn-out sod of a meadow, for the purpose of getting rid of earthy matter which soiled the feet (and the meadow being on a very thin shaly sand and yellow loam), removed the turf to a sufficient depth to leave the sheer sand alone, and for a time made a nice clean path; but it being below the surface of the adjoining land, which was foul with weeds, all the seeds drifted with the wind into the path, and became very troublesome. To remove and kill the weeds, he sprinkled the whole path with dry salt and hoed it. This killed the weeds, but the heads of clover having drifted into the path, there came a most luxuriant growth of clover, which smothered the weeds, and took thorough possession of the soil, and for ten years the clover there flourished ten times better than on any other spot on the premises. Try it.—*C., in Canada Farmer.*

Water for Horses.

Mr. B. Cartledge, of Sheffield, a member of the Royal Veterinary College, calls attention to the very common mistake made by keepers of horses in limiting the supply of water to their animals. Many owners of horses, most grooms, and others who have the charge of them, profess, he says, "to know how much water a horse ought to be allowed, and, when a poor, thirsty, over-driven animal arrives at his journey's end, he is treated to a very limited supply and the pail is taken away before its necessity is half met. It is a mistaken notion that cold water frequently produces "colic." I have known it to cure the disease. When cold water does cause abdominal pain, it is from long abstinence, and when the horse drinks to excess. But even this is rare. I allow my horse to drink from every trough I meet on the road, if the water be clean, and, in my own stud, I never had a case of colic. At home, my horses always have water before them. A friend of mine, to whom, the other day, I gave this advice directed his servant to adopt it. The servant shook his head, and said, "he thought he knew as well as Mr. Cartledge when his horses required water and how much." The owner, in reply, told his servant that might be so, and he must allow his horses to drink as often and as freely as he did himself.—*English Farmer's Journal.*

THE RIDDLER.

Mathematical Problem.

What is the average distance of a given point in the surface of a sphere from all the points within it? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

Gold is 19½ times as heavy as water, and silver 10½ times. A mixed mass weighs 4,160 ounces, and displaces 250 ounces of water. What proportion of gold and silver does it contain? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

An urn contains 30 white balls and 20 black ones. Required—the probability that after five drawings a person will have 3 white balls and 2 black ones, taking a single ball from the urn at each drawing.
WILLIAM HOOVER.
Smithville, Wayne Co., O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is coffee real estate? Ans.—When it's ground.

☞ When is a crowd well preserved? Ans.—When it is a perfect-jam.

☞ Why are the clouds like coachmen? Ans.—Because they hold the rains.

☞ Why is a carving-knife like a pig's tail? Ans.—Because it flourishes over a ham.

☞ How to get up a blow—Catch cold in the head.

Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—"Our God shall come."—Ps. l. 3.

O phrah,	1 Sam. xiii. 17.
U riah's,	Ezra viii. 33.
R amah,	1 King xv. 22.
G adi's,	2 Kings xv. 17, 19.
O no,	1 Chron. viii. 12.
D amascus,	2 Cor. xi. 32.
S alu's,	Numb. xxv. 14.
H elam,	2 Sam. x. 17.
A zekah,	Josh. x. 11.
L ahmi,	1 Chron. xx. 5.
L ydda,	Acts ix. 38.
C hedorlaomer,	Gen. xiv. 1.
O ded's,	2 Chron. xv. 8.
M assiah's,	Jer. xxix. 21.
E sel,	1 Sam. xx. 19.

ENIGMA—Knight. RIDDLE—"Little Barefoot."

Answers to Augustus's PROBLEM of April 3d.—From C to A 80 perches, and from C to B 136 perches—D. Diefenbach, E. P. Norton, J. N. Souder and J. Scott. C to A 65.96+ perches, C to B 164.92+ perches—J. B. Sanders. C to A 66.484 perches, C to B 163.084+ perches—J. S. Phebus. C to A 65.98 perches, C to B 164.86 perches—W. B. S.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—48, 70 and 140—E. P. Norton, W. J. Barrett, J. N. Soders and J. Scott.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 10th—45, 60, 80, and 69.4623+ perches respectively—A. Martin, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, J. Scott, E. P. Norton.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—16 and 4—W. H. Morrow, J. Scott, E. P. Norton, W. Hoover, D. M., J. N. Soders and W. J. Barrett.

RECEIPTS.

French Steaks Made from Cold Veal.—Slice some cold veal, and cut up the slices into the form of mutton chops; rub them over with cayenne pepper and salt, and cover them in every part with the beaten yolks of eggs; sprinkle them over with bread-crumbs and a little grated lemon-peel. Put into the frying-pan (which must be delicately clean) quarter of a pound of butter, dredge in some flour and add some gravy; stir these together, and when brought to the boiling point, put in the veal and fry the slices a light brown color. Lay them neatly round the dish, and place in the centre of it either some boiled peas, kidney beans, or spinach, or any other vegetable which may be in season, and pour some white sauce over them, and serve with the veal a sauce tureen of gravy with some lemon pickle mixed in with it.

Cream-Pie.—Crust.—1 cup white sugar, 1 cup of flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon of cream tartar, ½ of soda. Dissolve soda in 1 tablespoonful of water; put the flour in a dish, add the sugar and cream of tartar, mix all together; then break in the eggs, stir, and put in the soda; if not quite stiff enough, put in more flour.

Cream.—½ pint of milk, ½ cup of sugar, ½ of flour, 1 egg. Boil the milk; beat together sugar, egg and flour; stir in a little cold milk to this, and when the other milk boils, add the mixture. When cake and cream are both cold, split the cake and put cream between. Enough for two pies.

Lemon Pudding Meringue.—1 quart of sweet milk, 1 pint of bread-crumbs, 4 eggs, ½ cup of butter, 1 small cup of white sugar, 1 lemon. Put bread in part of milk, add yolks, butter and sugar; beat together with the remainder of the milk. After it is baked, beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth with 3 tablespoonsful of powdered sugar and juice of lemon. Cover, and brown lightly.

French Honey.—Break one pound of lump sugar into pieces; put into a pan, add the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four, the juice of four lemons (and grate in the rinds of two), and a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir the ingredients well over a slow fire, until the mixture becomes thick as honey. It will keep a year if put into jars and tied down with paper and kept in a cool, dry place. It is most excellent to fill tarts with, or to spread between layers of cake.

To Wash Calico.—Put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pailful of water, and soak calico in it fifteen minutes before washing and it will not fade.